JOHN BULL, week ending July 25, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1864

3D EVERY THURSDAY

MEN WE NEED FOR VICTORY
By The Editor

GUINEAS FOR FORCES LETTERS

WHERE WE CAN HIT NOW
By A.G.G.

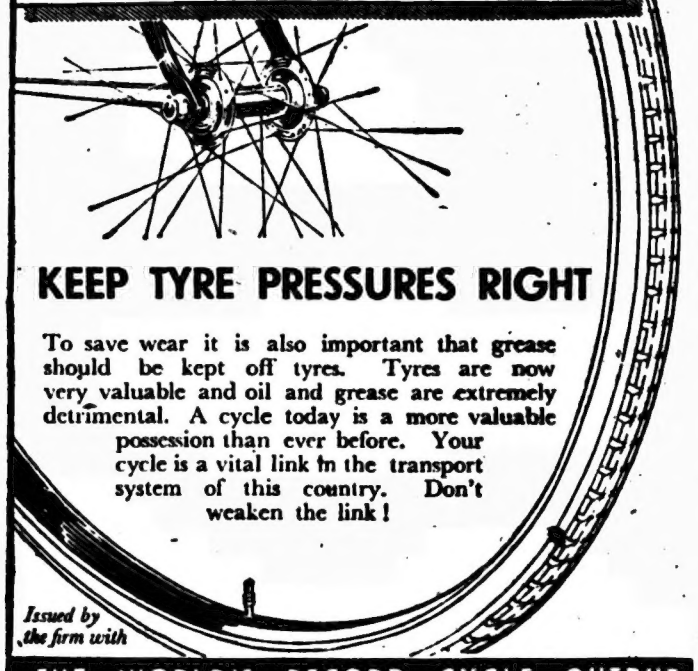
LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1100.F

TREASURE YOUR

Hercules CYCLE



KEEP TYRE PRESSURES RIGHT

To save wear it is also important that grease should be kept off tyres. Tyres are now very valuable and oil and grease are extremely detrimental. A cycle today is a more valuable possession than ever before. Your cycle is a vital link in the transport system of this country. Don't weaken the link!

Issued by the firm with

THE WORLD'S RECORD CYCLE OUTPUT

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

64G

What do I do...

to help feed Britain's pigs and poultry?

I put out for collection all unusable kitchen scraps — potato peelings, stumps and outer leaves from greens, turnip and swedé peelings, carrot scrapings, bean and pea pods, cheese rind, and even burnt scrapings from milk pudding dishes.

Or, if the local authority supplies a special bin by the roadside, I put these scraps into it regularly.

I do *not* include coffee grounds or rhubarb leaves, eggshells, and sour or acid matter; and I make sure that no salt, soda, disinfectant, fish bones or odd bits of glass, china or metal get in.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Where is your favourite biscuit?

It depends upon where it is made. No biscuit manufacturer may now send his goods all over the country.

A distribution plan called "zoning" has been created with two objects. First, that transport and labour may be saved, and second, that all may have an equal share of the biscuits now being baked.

So far as you are concerned this may mean that your pre-war choice is no longer available, but the scheme ensures fair supplies of good biscuits for everyone everywhere, based on population.

In fairness to your retailer, remember, he is not to blame if he no longer stocks your favourite biscuits, and he, in common with the manufacturers, is called upon to sacrifice valuable goodwill in the interests of the national war effort.

This announcement is one of a series, issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance, relating to the manufacture, distribution and sale of cakes and biscuits.

CWT-17

Use your films for snaps they'll treasure!

Cheer the Forces with snaps from home on SELO films

Made by ILFORD LIMITED, ILFORD, LONDON.

Selo films are only obtainable from photographic dealers

7½d (includes purchase tax)

NO COUPONS required

EASY SHAVING STICK GOOD FOR MORE THAN 100 SHAVES

A LEVER product

Mrs. L: My problem is to find light summer meals that are also nourishing.

Mrs. M: It was mine, too—but Fry's has solved it. I always get it every week, and now I don't mind if the family has just a light meal so long as they have a cup of nourishing Fry's Cocoa with it. It's food out of a cup, that's what I say.

Mrs. L: Fry's goes to the top of my weekly shopping list from now on.

Mrs. M: What I like about Fry's is that it's one really good food that everyone can afford. And just you watch how your children drink it up—*it's the Cocoa with the real chocolate flavour.*

FRY'S COCOA

The food you should buy EVERY WEEK

5o QTR. LB. · 9½o HALF LB.

★ Always use a tin to store your cocoa in

C453-2154

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 25, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

raight from the Shoulder

OUR GREAT CHANCE

OUR imperative needs for action confront us.

All demand boldness in planning and speed in execution. t one is beyond our strength; not e should baffle our wits.

First, we must open the Western ont as soon as possible.

vance the Day

he men in the Forces, the workers in factories, are impatient for it. The sian people, who for so long have ne the brunt of the enemy's weight etal, await it even more anxiously.

e must assume that Stalin and sevelt have agreed the plans, with Government, but we urge still bigger rts to advance the day.

nd Strategy

Western Front is sound strategy. only to help the Soviet armies in re effective fashion than the sending supplies to them along a difficult and ly route. But to help ourselves and the United Nations to end the war e quickly!

ing Tide

ow the tide of resistance among the ressed peoples is at its crest. If we y, we court the danger that our en- ed friends will lose heart and sink apathy.

hough Hitler has fortified the coasts. e are still soft spots at which we uld strike while the bulk of his forces wls across the Russian plains!

al Thing

t must be no reckless venture, this stern Front offensive.

here has been ample time in which plan it, and if its planning should be k and ineffective the people will e no mercy for the blunderers.

t must be the real thing—the first step to total victory!

ack in Egypt

ut Europe is only one sector of the rld front. Egypt is vital to our cause; vital that we cannot afford a per- ual stalemate there.

We must speed up our flow of supplies to General Auchinleck.

He has proved himself a masterly tactician and a fierce fighter. He should be given all he needs to destroy Rommel, for thereby he would destroy Hitler's hold on the central Mediterranean and his hope of reaching out for the oil of Persia.

Atlantic Battle

The third great field for immediate battle is the Atlantic wastes.

It is true that the U-boats have for months been busiest in the Western Atlantic—the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico.

But there is much we can do on this side—by attacking them as they leave their European bases and smashing the yards where they are built!

Deep Divers

The new U-boats operate far below the surface, too low for depth charges to reach them. Thus the destroyer and the corvette are often baulked of their prey.

So the answer to the submarine is the aeroplane.

Long-range bombers can spot a U-boat's trail miles away. Their heavy bombs can stave in a submarine's sides like matchwood.

Seeking Them Out

Coastal Command, R.A.F., should get all the aircraft it needs to counter the U-boats at sea. Bomber Command should hurl its 4,000-lb. bombs at the shipyards of Kiel and Bremen, the dynamo factories of the Ruhr.

One thing more—our older bombers should be used to ferry supplies across the Atlantic and to the Middle East.

Issue Evaded

No large transport 'planes, it is admitted, are being produced in this country. The Minister of Aircraft Production has dodged a question whether the Air Ministry has applied for them.

But the question should be pursued. The public has a right to be assured that the Air Ministry is getting all it needs for the task of giving maximum support to the Army.

Produce the Goods!

Thus we come to the fourth factor in our preparations for battle—speed in producing the weapons that will give us superiority both in quality and quantity!

Our workers have done all they have been asked to do—and a bit more. Let no one blame them for the shortcomings due to bad organisation and faulty planning.

Piecemeal Plans

Mr. Lyttelton himself has said that planning must be improved.

JOHN BULL is disappointed that Mr. Lyttelton has not done more to improve it in his five months of office.

Neither industry's leaders nor industry's workers have the power to do so. The Cabinet must take the blame for the defects made apparent by recent reverses on the battlefield.

Where We Failed

A leader of industry, Sir George Schuster, M.P., declared last week:

"We had design and productive capacity which could have put into the last Libyan battle tanks, tank guns and anti-tank self-propelled artillery equal to what the Germans appear to have had. Organisation failed to put the pieces together with sufficient speed and urgency."

Waking Up

However, the Minister of Supply has wonderful news for us.

Our tanks will be all right in future!

Britain is famed for its mechanical genius. It invented mechanised warfare by introducing the tank in 1916. And to-day, after three years of a fully mechanised war, it is at last making the right kind of tank.

Evidently we are getting on. But hardly fast enough.

Ideas Box

Perhaps the process will be hastened now that Mr. Lyttelton is to invite suggestions from the workers.

The Government is to be congratulated on the discovery that our people have brains as well as brawn; it will find another in the Open Letter sent to Mr. Churchill by Woolwich Arsenal workers.

Talking Shops

The writers tell how for months they have vainly drawn attention to faulty planning, imperfect designs and inefficient organisation.

They complain that production committees have become mere talking shops in which "criticism from one side is rebutted by the other."

Muddle and Waste

The conditions they expose are not uncommon. In factories and workshops everywhere, the workers are aware of muddle and waste.

Inevitably so. For without shrewd planning and efficient organisation *by the Government*, delays and confusion in industry cannot be averted.

Long Lag

Therefore, not all the labour available is being fully used. Schemes for part-time work still lag.

Black-coated workers are asked to volunteer for urgent building work. Yet at Bradford, for example, hundreds of skilled builders are idle; some have been "on the dole" since Christmas.

In some shipyards men hang around with nothing to do, waiting for Government orders to be placed.

Paid to Laze

For nine months one young married woman has been paid for doing nothing as a "part-time worker."

Now, because of her age, she must become a full-time employee—but still without work.

And so it goes on.

Silly Advice

What is the remedy? Not that suggested by one of our sillier magistrates, who advises workers to take books with them to read in the factory!

Not by irritating and insulting "appeals" by Ministers to our people.

Only by official planning to ensure that every worker will be fully employed!

Patience No Virtue

The Government has been given a great deal of latitude by a patient public. It should, without delay, prove worthy of the trust and confidence for which it so often pleads.

This country is not satisfied that, when the Russians are being pushed across the Don, we can do no more than stage military exercises and talk hopefully of the tanks we mean to build.

We know now that Napoleon was right in declaring, "By seeking to defend everything, you defend nothing."

We have been too long on the defensive. Now is the time to attack!

(Continued overleaf)

ARMY MEANS TEST

● There is now to be free legal advice for Servicemen and Servicewomen.

But—

There are quite a few "buts."

In the first place, the scheme is limited to sergeants and lower ranks.

Many a young subaltern, with wife and family to support, is worse off financially than an unmarried sergeant.

No matter, says Officialdom. If he cannot afford to pay for a solicitor, he must just do without!

As for those ranks covered by the new scheme, they must undergo a means test to qualify for it!

If they are wounded or fall sick, they are provided with free treatment. If they wish to educate themselves, they can attend classes without paying a penny.

But if they want to remedy a personal injustice, they must plead poverty in order to get free legal assistance.

In JOHN BULL's view, anything designed to maintain the Forces' fighting efficiency by keeping their members free from anxiety should be provided by the State without charge.

WIVES ARE BAD RISKS!

● Many married women who now go out to work are finding it hard to get "on the panel."

Some approved societies are refusing to admit them as members because, they say, married women are "bad risks" for the health insurance scheme.

It seems that wives are more prone to illness than single women and men.

They are apt to neglect themselves when feeling unwell in order to continue looking after their families, and thus invite long illnesses.

It is said that some insurance societies would become insolvent if they admitted considerable numbers of married women.

If so, then clearly it is a matter for State intervention.

Married women who undertake war work are doing invaluable service to the community. They must be given full protection against illness by the community.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHAT a timid soul is Sir Kingsley Wood!

He is so nervous of appearing generous, so anxious that his Pickwickian chubbiness shall not be thought to contain a warm heart!

And so, in his new rates for old-age pensions, he has plainly been concerned to seem grudging and suspicious.

Half-and-Half

Not that JOHN BULL is ungrateful for what he has given. Half a loaf is better than none, even when the half-loaf is offered only to those who have the temerity to ask for it.

But note that the basic rate is unchanged.

The extra 5s. a week for aged couples is in respect of supplementary pensions. The winter allowances are supplementary. So are the other offers of assistance to the needy poor.

They're Proud

Unfortunately, many old folk genuinely in need are too proud to parade their poverty and, by asking for extra help, face inquisitive questions into their personal affairs.

What a pity the Chancellor of the Exchequer forgets this important factor in human psychology!

By Request

What are we fighting for?

That is a question which General Paget, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, probably wishes we did not ask quite so often.

An educational poster entitled "Look Ahead in War, Prepare for Peace" has been withdrawn at his request. He thinks it "undesirable to direct soldiers' attention away from the immediate urgency of the war effort."

The Citizens' Right

Quite so. But it is also undesirable to rob them of the incentive to fight for all they're worth.

Treat them for what they are—citizens fighting for definite aims and ideals, citizens with a right to think of their families' future—and they will fight like men inspired.

Super-Drivers

There are soldiers driving £30,000 vehicles—which need super-drivers—for an ordinary private's rate of pay.

Their own generals protest against the injustice of it. But the Treasury, knowing the blame will fall on the War Office, which feels ashamed of paying such miserly rates, won't authorise an extra penny piece.

Evil Genius

It isn't good for morale when Servicemen are left with the feeling that their higher command undervalues their work.

Actually, the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry fight for them and their dependants. But the Treasury, that evil genius of parsimony, has the power to say No.

Forgotten Men

The Treasury is similarly adept at appearing blissfully unaware of Britain's Forgotten Men—the victims of this war and the last one who are receiving disablement pensions.

The cost of living has risen. Their pensions remain fixed. Real hardship has resulted.

They have a claim upon our generosity. We should grant them no less than bare justice.

Sacked

Nor should we allow a new Forgotten Legion to be formed by people discharged from munition factories owing to ill-health.

One man contracted a disease at work. He was sacked. Now he is struggling to maintain his family on parish relief, is without specialist medical treatment—and one of his children has contracted the disease.

Newcastle's Stiff Neck

Servicemen—and women—can only wander aimlessly in Newcastle on Sunday. The general commanding the troops in that area asked for the cinemas to be opened; the City Council has refused in horror.

But, under the Defence Regulations, the last word does not rest with the sanctimonious Sabbatarians. Newcastle City Council should be overruled.

Labour Forbidden

Nor should Abertillery Council have allowed itself to be brow-beaten by a local church that owns land needed for allotments, and which has issued a "no work on Sundays" edict.

Sunday is the only day on which some people can attend to their allotments. And the nation's need for food should not be worsened by man-made laws that are falsely invested with the cloak of religion.

Object-Lesson

No man works harder than Mr. Bevin. So no stones should be cast at him for suggesting that office staffs might work a little longer in war time.

But if he investigated the hours of his own headquarters staff, he might be disagreeably surprised.

Early Closing

A business man telephoned the Ministry of Labour a few minutes after 5 p.m. one Friday recently. He was told, "The people here leave at five. You'll have to ring to-morrow."

He did so—a few minutes after noon. He was told, "Everyone's gone for the week-end. They leave at twelve on Saturdays."

So the business had to wait till Monday, a waste of two days.

Told to Resign

Nor is time-wasting unknown in the Ministry's local offices. To many previous examples, let us add this one:

A young man was called for work of national importance. At the employment exchange he was told to give notice to his employers and be ready to travel to a new job in ten days' time.

After a fortnight, he was told he might have to wait another five or six weeks, and in the meantime could go on the "dole."

Helping the Enemy

He has to support three young sisters, as his father is an invalid, so you can appreciate his indignant protest at "incompetence and mismanagement."

But if it is hard on the individual, it is also unfair to a nation rightly warned that every hour wasted is a present to Hitler.

Saving Petrol

Waste of petrol is being reduced. Very sensibly, London's 'bus services have been heavily curtailed in the slack hours.

But there remain less obvious ways in which the precious fuel could be saved.

For instance: A firm was prosecuted in many parts of the country for selling a fake food substitute, and transport was wasted in sending its condemned products back to London.

Long Journey

There, men and girls are busily opening thousands of tins, removing the labels and emptying the contents.

Presumably such simple work could have been done locally, thus saving the use of long-distance trains and lorries.

Cut It Down!

Again, though tradesmen's deliveries have been "concentrated," the motor-vans of a national firm of bakers continue to serve districts already adequately covered by local bakers. Sometimes there are two men on one van.

So both petrol and labour could be saved by closing the gaps in the present scheme of "concentration."

Great Invention

The Swiss, though not in the war, have produced the finest ambulance stretcher that any military surgeon could imagine.

It is very light, extremely compact, can be made into a chair for walking wounded, a boat for wounded men who have to be towed across water, and is certainly the best stretcher for carrying non-walking casualties.

Here's Our Chance

It is the solution of how to get wounded men out of tanks with the minimum of suffering. It beats our own method of building a "cocoon" round the suffering men and hauling out the cocoon.

Every combatant country has a model, and every combatant country has decided not to adopt it in war time because it involves the scrapping of ambulance trains and motor ambulances.

But we can be one step ahead of the Axis by using it wherever practicable.

Semi-Slavery

Guardianship of mental defectives is often a simple way of getting cheap labour, as JOHN BULL pointed out years ago.

Now Mr. H. C. Charleton, M.P., has told Parliament that religious homes—which are sometimes profit-making affairs—are exploiting this form of semi-slavery.

Girls are given menial tasks without payment, recreation or any chance of vocational training.

Breaking Her Spirit

Here's another case for Mr. Charleton to raise:

A young woman, confined as a mental defective, ran away and got a job in a munition factory. She was caught after some months, clapped into a "colony," put on punishment diet, and is now breaking her heart.

The munition firm wants her back, for she is an expert capstan hand. Callous Officialdom, to whom she is but an "imbecile," stubbornly refuses to release her!

Justice Differs

At Coventry, a woman who admitted the waste of fifteen loaves of bread was fined 10s. At Taunton, a man and wife who soaked crusts to give to the birds—and to their dog when they could not get dog-food—were each fined £10.

Profits of War

We shall not even comment on the private boast of a Kent wholesale greengrocer that he has made £15,000 profit since war began. But we note that other wholesalers are busily buying property as investments.

And we wonder whether Whitehall is really satisfied that the number of middlemen could not be reduced without making us lose the war.

Ease Your Headache

Manual workers who pay income tax are this month enjoying a holiday from tax deduction. This is to allow the Revenue an opportunity of dealing with appeals against the assessments now being issued.

Will readers desiring advice from our expert enclose the previous half-year's assessment, if possible, so that the complete year's allowances may be ascertained and checked?

Behind the News

● **Strain, malnutrition and sabotage lose Hitler 17 man-hours in 650. Loss to Allies is just under 1 in 1,800.**

● *Nazis are now out to win friendship of occupied countries through sport. Ex-champion Schmeling is chief organiser. Borotra, Carpentier and Maurice Chevalier have been invited to head an international committee.*

● Nazis last week began house-to-house search for more warm clothing for eastern front.

● **Mussolini has banned reference to his 59th birthday (July 29), no photographs of him are again to be published except by special orders.**

● *Reports persist that rate of desertions of older German reservists is increasing. Secret organisation supplies them with forged identity documents.*

● To disperse Dutch anti-Germanism once and for all, Nazis plan settlement scheme in Poland for 3,000,000 Hollanders.

● **Every German worker will be trained for military service to create a "vast armed reserve."**

● *Italian Press moans because two more Italian generals have been killed in the recent fighting—bringing the number of lost generals up to nine.*

● Existence of "catastrophe-stores" in German towns was revealed by the recent Thousand-Bomber raids. But in Bremen and Hamburg the stores gave out, supplies had to be fetched from other towns.

● **Now Germans say the only towns where there is enough to eat are those crippled by the R.A.F.**

● *Nazis are rushing A.A. defences to Vienna, key-town for transport of supplies for Rommel.*

MEN WE WANT FOR VICTORY

HOUGH Mr. Lyttelton's latest report on our production of armour and guns contained some encouraging features, it provided no assurance that the Government is yet ng the desperately urgent need for practical duction engineers at the controls of the ustrial machine.

It is tragically obvious that the practical man, o alone can win the war of machinery, is being ced to play second fiddle to the scientist and theoretical expert.

Experts and bureaucrats hold every line of mmunications. Except through them, there is contact between the factories and the fighting n.

But this direct contact is essential and erica has lost no time in giving the practical gineer his proper place and power by rming a Joint Committee of New Weapons and uipment to work with the Chiefs of Staff anisation.

We must insist that similar steps be taken at e to strengthen the position and widen the thority of our own practical men.

We must face and transform the present situation, which led Mr. Edwards, the Labour Member for Middlesbrough, to ask the Government why engineers, the only persons who could do the job well, were kept so much in the background.

Research work, of course, must go on, but all liable evidence up to the present shows that one new weapon has been produced by the ntists alone.

Moreover, we have no time at this crucial e of the war to wait for the development of ntific ideas. Instead, we must have the ckest possible adaptation of existing weapons he needs of the moment.

The serious lag of such development on ur part—admitted by Mr. Lyttelton after obruk and pathetically emphasised by Mr. ttlee's complacent speech at Tunbridge ells the other day—is due to cumbersome ethods and poor controls, not to any failure y practical engineers.

Every German "surprise" was foreseeable. ginally, the enemy "surprised" the French d ourselves with *panzer* troops, heavy tanks d dive-bombers used as artillery—just as they d been used in Poland!

Rommel's "surprise" in his Libyan campaign t winter was the six-pounder tank gun and knew all about that at Dunkirk.

He "surprised" us again this summer with 88-mm. A.A. gun, converted for deadly use inst our tanks by mobile mounting.

What has science to do with these things? ilding heavy tanks, dive-bombers and armour-rcing guns, or converting anti-aircraft guns o anti-tank weapons are engineering jobs.

OOD news that there are scientific observers doing operational research upon the actual battlefield, but how long will it take for eir reports to trickle along "the proper annels" and filter through one department ter another until they reach the factories?

To-day our fighting men want—very urgently—new weapons or old ones improved for use in a new and more effective way.

It is vitally important that they should be e to explain their requirements direct to ctical engineers. Their ideal contact cannot with Civil Servants or professors; it must be h the man on the job.

The country simply cannot afford to go on sting time by passing recommendations on m one scientific committee to another.

A glaring example is the queer case of the ple British inventor who submitted his own ns for a new weapon to the Admiralty in 1939, only to have them rejected without so much as an examination of the blue-print.

Some weeks ago the same plans were immediately accepted by the practical engineers of one of our largest armaments works!

The United States, as we have pointed out, has put its best practical men including Dr. Bush, one of the most eminent engineers in the country, into direct contact with the Chiefs of Staff.

We, it is true, have had a Chief Advisory Committee sitting for a long time now, and on this body are many professors with fine strings of letters after their names. *But among them all is only one direct representative of practical engineering.*

The Committee did not include Watson Watt, the electrical radio engineer and meteorological expert, who developed and perfected radio-location.

And who can doubt that there are many "Watson Watts," who, working behind the scenes, have done immensely valuable work and are, almost without exception, practical men rather than theorists?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

JOHN BULL urges the Government to put one-hundred-per-cent. engineers of this type "where they belong"—high up, side by side with the Chiefs of Staff and the Ministry of Production itself.

We implore the Premier and Mr. Lyttelton to pay heed to the sound advice and repeated warnings of men like Professor A. V. Hill, M.P., who says that, if we do not follow the American lead in this respect, giving our practical men "representation at the highest level" of authority and control, "we shall continue to fumble on."

To-day, after three years of war, the position here is that scientific and technical control is entirely departmental instead of central.

All operational planning is centralised in the Chiefs of Staffs organisation; all supply programmes have to go through the Ministry of Production.

But there is *no* central technical staff to advise the Cabinet or the Chiefs of Staff on the scientific and practical engineering aspects either of operations or production.

"This is an engineer's war," said Mr. Ellis Smith in Parliament, "but is there an engineer in the war Cabinet or among the Supply Ministers? Is there an engineer on the General Staff?"

The only way to answer these questions satisfactorily is to follow Professor Hill's persistent suggestion that a Department of Mechanical Design be represented on a joint military staff.

Included in it, of course, should be the Air Service and Shipping, because here, too—though more particularly in regard to shipbuilding—we could achieve that vital extra margin of speed and up-to-the-minute output through the control of practical men.

How sadly that control is lacking at the present moment! One of our contributors witnessed delivery of a new lightly armoured vehicle. It looked a splendid job, *but* it had a two-wheel, instead of a four-wheel, drive, and any soldier in Libya knows from experience that such a vehicle will get stuck in the first soft spot and just stay there to be shot at!

ON another occasion the same JOHN BULL contributor saw a mortar fired, with a perfect hit resulting, from "a twopenny halfpenny improvised gadget" which the ingenious fighting man had rigged up while awaiting the arrival of a new part "costing pounds."

And the recently issued memorandum by the Institute of Production Engineers, a practical report by essentially practical men, gives staggering figures of the money and man-hours that have been saved by the real engineer's modifications of scientific and expert designs.

Let the scientists and the experts "carry on." We value their help, but the nation's crying need in these days of urgency and frantic effort is the need for working engineers and live manufacturers who can give the fighting man what he knows he needs—and give it quickly.

These are the men we need for victory.

Even the Mikado May Not Know!

WILL the Japs make war on Russia?

Some Washington experts expect that Vladivostok will be attacked by the end of this month. Maybe, but nobody can tell, perhaps not even the Mikado himself.

Much depends, of course, on the German drive to the Caucasus. The probability of the opening of a new Front in Europe is also likely to influence the Japs.

★ ★ ★

Though they may have a common scheme, there is no genuine feeling of solidarity between the Axis powers. Each acts selfishly with hyena mentality of which Mussolini gave the first example. Otherwise Japan would have attacked Russia last winter when Hitler pleaded in vain for the opening of a "Second Front" in Eastern Siberia to relieve the pressure on his armies between Leningrad and the Crimea.

The Japs then preferred to concentrate on their own campaigns and their own war aims.

And now with no other desire but to snatch for themselves the greatest possible benefit from a victorious German advance in Russia, they will not act rashly.

The question for them is whether Stalin will be compelled to depart from an iron rule which he set up more than ten years ago.

It is that the Soviet forces in Siberia must remain independent as far as numbers, equipment and supplies are concerned.

They have their own General Staff, headed by Marshal Blucher, their own divisions, air-squadrons, naval force, war-factories, which produce everything from the rifle cartridge to the heavy tank and long-range bomber, and their own food reserves.

At the most critical moment of last year's German drive this Far-Eastern force was not deprived of a single plane or man. The Japs knew it, and this is why they kept quiet.

★ ★ ★

If the new German offensive, however dangerous it may still become, does not prompt Stalin to depart from this principle, the Japs may well keep off again.

Already they must sometimes feel dizzy when they survey the immense range of their operations.

Above all, what about the Soviet bomber-squadrons which could strike at Tokyo, Kioto and Nagasaki?

★ ★ ★

Only once have American planes dropped bombs over their big cities, and even the Japs had to admit the panic and despondency which this single raid caused.

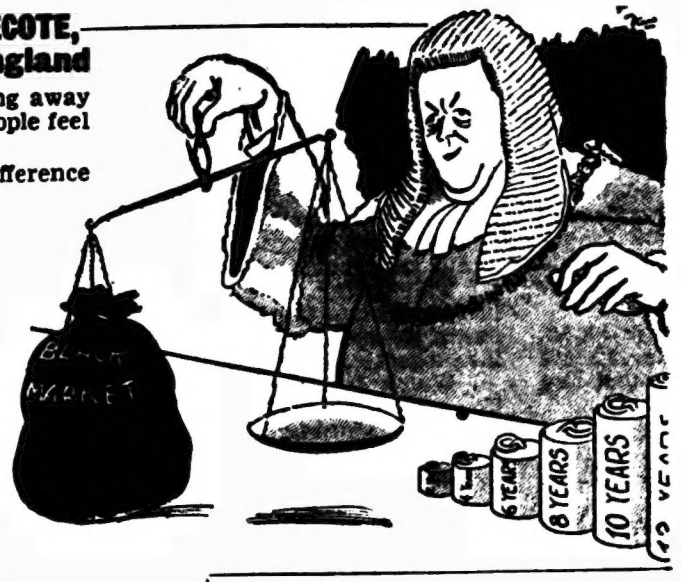
Yet, the recent operations against the Aleutian Islands show that the war-lords in Tokyo have something in their minds as to a possible extension of their operations in the North.

The Russo-Japanese "neutrality" is definitely one of the strangest oddities of this World War. Thinking in terms of logic, one should say that it is bound to end sooner or later.

But sometimes the most logical things do not happen, and it may be that at the end of the war Japan and Russia will be surprised to find themselves still on "friendly" terms.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT CALDECOTE, Lord Chief Justice of England



MY LORD,—Black market rogues are not only getting away with the swag, but with sentences which many people feel are not nearly heavy enough.

The public is becoming indignant at the glaring difference between the Government's threats of fourteen years' penal servitude, plus gigantic fines, and the comparative leniency shown by our judges.

Recently, you will remember, one of the biggest gangs of food racketeers appeared in court.

Police and Food Ministry officials were jubilant. A strong hint was given to the Press that the sternest sentences might be expected—for the case was exceptionally important and serious.

You will also remember what happened. The ringleader was sent to jail not for fourteen years but four; he was fined not £5,000 but £2,000. His accomplices received terms from eighteen months down to four months!

In peace time this might have been thought severe; but not now when the nation is battling for its life!

Our Allies, the Russians and Americans, are more realistic. Why, an American who stole a rubber tyre was sentenced last week to fifteen years' imprisonment.

I do not advocate such ruthlessness. But vast quantities of food, cloth and other goods traded through the black market are not less important than a single tyre.

The bigamist who was sentenced the other day to seven years in jail was not a greater menace to the community than the rogues who hold up the public to ransom for its food.

You should impress upon your fellow-judges the need for sharp and salutary treatment of all public enemies.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rev. JAMES BARR, M.P., Coatbridge, Lanark

REVEREND SIR,—I hope you'll enjoy your eightieth birthday this week-end. But also I hope you will change your decision "not to get out of politics until you cannot even crawl to the House."

It's a fine spirit, certainly. But you may be able to "crawl" until you're a hundred, and at that age men's minds are hardly resilient enough to deal with complicated affairs of State.

Politics is a task for men in their prime.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. S. HOULDSWORTH, K.C., Coal Controller for Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—On taking up your appointment, one of your first jobs should be an investigation into the workings of pit canteens.

At one canteen (I will supply the name) the miners complain that the best food is kept back for the officials.

Thus, when one collier asked for fruit and custard he was told there was none—yet it was served a minute later to the manager.

If such practices are allowed, then obviously a fine war time innovation will become a mere source of bitter feeling. —JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—You know how serious is the shortage of nurses? Well, in one N.F.S. station alone are five single girls who were nurses before the war, are now bored with sitting in the control room for hour after hour with nothing to do, and would like to return to nursing.

I suggest you replace them by married women on a part-time basis.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Confound your impertinence! It might be thought from your remarks that the public clamoured for the "frills and fripperies" you are at last about to restrict.

Whereas, of course, the public has marvelled at the waste of labour and materials in the manufacture of luxuries, while I have long attacked the Government for allowing it to continue.

It is a damning indictment of officialdom that, in this third year of a life-and-death struggle, Britain has waged war with artificial flowers and asparagus tongs.—JOHN BULL.

The MANAGERS, Britain's Golf Clubs

GENTLEMEN,—Many of you let the country down badly last year. Now is your chance to make amends.

Many golf courses are covered with hay, almost ready for reaping. Don't cut and burn it as you did last season; cut and sell it to the dairy farmers who need it!—JOHN BULL.

Major-General DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, Commanding U.S. Forces in Europe

DEAR GENERAL,—May I, without offence, tell you that we British like the look of your lads?

It's hard not to appear patronising; but I guess you'll understand when I say that they look both tough and friendly.

You can take it from me that we are glad to have them in our midst; proud to know that they will fight side by side with ourselves.

That goes for yourself, too. You are not a Society ornament; you don't get around much; most Londoners don't recognise you when they pass you.

But we appreciate your reputation as a hard-hitting Texan, tank expert and ex-pilot.

It is said that you are working hard—no doubt on plans for a Western Front in which your lads will play a big part. May you and they meet with complete success!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY INCE, Director-General of Man-Power

DEAR SIR,—Running short of labour, are you? I find it hard to believe.

Months ago, a recruiting campaign for part-time workers was launched in Barking. Hundreds of women volunteered—and haven't heard a word about it since. In London itself, would-be part-timers are turned away from employment exchanges.

Our troops want more equipment. Our women are anxious to make it. Here's your chance to balance demand and supply.—JOHN BULL.

Sir DOUGLAS McCRAITH, N. Midland Price Committee

DEAR SIR DOUGLAS,—Your report bears out my own exposure of the furniture racket—prices three times as high as in pre-war days, goods made of plywood with sides of cardboard.

But in advising people to refrain from buying until utility furniture arrives, you overlook this fact:

An official committee has only just been appointed to design the utility types. So production will probably not begin for months.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P., Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—There is no evidence according to your recent statement, that the Germans have air-cooled tanks.

Yet our war correspondents in Egypt had described them weeks ago, and since then French and British newspapers have published photographs and diagrams of their refrigerating plant.

Your official sources of information can't be very bright.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—Some of your local officials interpret regulations too narrowly.

A sick baby at East Boldon, Durham, was certified by a doctor to be in need of condensed milk. Yet the mother was refused a permit—and sent away almost in tears—because the baby "was not premature, and therefore not entitled to extra supplies."

I cannot believe you would countenance such stupidity.—JOHN BULL.

The CONTROLLER, W.A.A.F.

DEAR MADAM,—You would be wise to follow the example of the R.A.F. and try to fit your members into the jobs for which they are best suited.

W.A.A.F. tailoresses in one camp, for example, have done little tailoring in a whole year. Instead, they have been busy on office work (about which they know nothing), cleaning the sick bays and picking up waste paper and dirty tins.

A waste of skill, don't you think?—JOHN BULL.

General Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—A fire officer developed rheumatic fever and was eventually discharged from the Service.

Yet he was passed into Grade II on his military service "medical" and has now received his calling-up papers though he is still drawing National Health disablement benefit!

He'll be a unique soldier, but I doubt if he'll be a fit one.—JOHN BULL.

You Can't Ration Sacrifice

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

CONCEIVABLY, in a State run on Utopian lines, money might be rationed on a fair-for-all basis. In a way, it is rationed to-day. Taxation gives a spending ration just as Lord Woolton gives us a food ration.

But the fact remains that the "rationing" of money in terms of personal spending cannot be reduced to terms of equality. Nor will it ever be so long as present economic ideas persist.

After nearly three years of war the country is resigned cheerfully enough to the limitations and restrictions imposed on the private lives of its citizens.

It has accepted conscription of man-power and woman-power, productive capacity and raw materials; it has accepted all kinds of rationing.

It has accepted a scale of taxation which, before the war, would have been denounced on all sides as economic suicide.

These are the material sacrifices of war. They are borne willy-nilly by all in the land, from the King and Queen to Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

But the fact is evident that you can't ration sacrifice; just as no State can ration love or hatred, hope or depair, ambition or apathy.

For true sacrifice is a matter of individual conscience, not of governmental decree. In comes freely and lavishly from the greater freedom of the mind which is the living virtue of a free nation.

Because of this, you will never get equality of sacrifice. Some men revel in a soldier's life; others, more sensitive, more imaginative, carry on oppressed by thoughts they cannot unburden.

Some women give up their leisure, work themselves to the point of exhaustion, in order to serve members of the Forces. Other women cling selfishly to the shattered remnants of a pre-war life, turning deaf ears to the nation's call.

Some families work as a team for the good of the country; others just don't care, being lazily content to drift with the changing currents of the war-torn stream.

Happily the non-rationed sacrifices of the British people dwarf into insignificance the unwilling apathy of the few.

That desire for service, that eagerness to surrender, without thought of cost, personal leisure and comfort, are the highlights of the people's will to win the war.

In a way, it is just as well that sacrifices can't be rationed. If they were, millions of men and women would be deprived of the inward satisfaction of knowing that the still, small voice of conscience had not called in vain.

56 Men Rescued in One Plane

Knights of the Skies

An almost miraculous feat by a pilot barely twenty years old ends this stirring saga of daring aircraft missions to save instead of destroying lives.

by Michael Cloud

CAPTAIN DAVID ANDERSON, of Leith, stood on the bridge of his sturdy merchantman as she drove through a clinging white mist across the infinite rolling vastness of the South Atlantic.

She was 200 miles from the nearest land. More, she was in an area where wolf-packs of U-boats are as deadly as anywhere in the Seven Seas. And it was just after dawn—the undersea raider's gorging-time.

The shout from the bow look-out was swept away in a thundering explosion as a torpedo struck the ship. She shuddered and listed heavily to port, and from her sluggish motions the skipper knew she was doomed—might sink any minute.

Calmly Sent S O S

He gave the sharp order to abandon ship.

Radio Officer Herbert Owens, of Goole, sat before his instruments in the transmitting room. Suddenly, the cabin roof gaped above his head, and flooding sea water came spouting down.

As Owens tapped out a steady S O S—S O S—S O S—with the water rising fast round his knees, a second torpedo hit the doomed ship. She staggered, seemed about to turn turtle, righted at an angle, and lay sinking.

Three lifeboats were got away, and into them packed more than fifty men. Several still floated in the wreckage-strewn water that heaved from the two vast explosions.

Abruptly, the stricken vessel disappeared.

The boats pulled away into the brightening day.

Captain Anderson kept his men in heart, kept the boats together, calculated a course over the heaving wilderness of water, and set them on it.

On the second dawn, just as the first streaks of light tinged the dark waves, the castaways heard a faint purring. The noise grew to the steady beat of multi-motors in the sky.

The men in the boats licked their salt lips. They were desperate; their water could not last till they voyaged to the coast; the injured men were worse, some delirious.

You know how hard it is to place an aeroplane, if you shut your eyes? These men could not see above the mist and broken cloud that lay low on the waters.

Eyes in the Sky

But, from above, eyes in the sky could see them. For Radio Officer Owens had done his work well.

Surely, steadily, the noise came nearer, circled, and stopped. A shape like an enormous bird came gliding down, struck the water, and slid across it, leaving a 100-ft.-wide white wake.

It turned and taxied towards them. A youthful head popped out, calling to them: "How many are you?"

Skipper Anderson, from the nearest boat, called: "Fifty-six; we've got twelve injured men; perhaps you can manage them, anyway, and send back for us?"

The fair young head disappeared.

The giant four-engined Sunderland flying-boat, with the R.A.F. rondels on it, manœuvred neatly nearer. Then the young man popped his head out again.

"If you can come alongside for a conference, sir, we'll do our best to give you a hand."

The boats closed in.

Aboard them, the castaways felt a surge of hope. At least, the injured might be packed aboard the aircraft. The flying men might be able to spare some food and drink.

Every sailor knew their quality, and that they would never abandon the search till every boat was rescued, even though they could only take a few off in the first load.

The first-pilot came into view. He was a slight youth of little over twenty, neat, a little shy, perfectly groomed. He reached down to Captain Anderson, unshaven, hard as iron, a typical British seaman of the sort who served under Drake.

The oddly contrasting skippers shook hands.

Captain Anderson told his story, briefly, as sailors do.

The Sunderland pilot looked solemn.

"It's a bit of a job hunting for boats once one leaves them," he said. "You people have had a rough time, too. And your water won't last."

"Oh, we'll be all right, if you can take our injured," Anderson said sturdily.

"Yes—we can take those. In fact—if you like to risk it—I'll try the lot of you. I'm game, if you are."

A Sunderland is built to carry a crew of eight. There were five men aboard this machine already. In the boats there were fifty-six, including twelve who needed space.

"I'll trust your judgment," Anderson said. "But we don't want to endanger your ship. We can manage."

"No!" the pilot said decisively. "No; you'd better all come on in. My ship'll do it."

Injured First

The seamen began to climb in from the boats—itself no mean feat, on the Atlantic waves. The twelve injured were handed up, carefully, without jarring, while the Sunderland pilots kept her steady as the rollers passed beneath.

First, they put down the injured, comfortably, without crowding them up.

Then began a miracle.

They crammed men in the bomb-racks. They packed men standing in the all-electric kitchen where the Sunderland crew prepared hot meals. They laid men two by two in the tiny sleeping-berths. They jammed men in the catwalk.

There were still more men waiting in the lifeboats, so they threw overboard everything that could possibly be stripped out of the Sunderland's inside. They got rid of ammunition, flares, marine equipment, valued personal kit.

Then they went to work with a shoehorn, and shoved men into the gun turrets, and stood them in a row on the gangway planks. Finally, they got five into the lavatory. Or so we are told.

"It was worse than the Wembley trains when the Exhibition was on," one of the men said afterwards.

There is on every aircraft an invisible point which gives the designer grey hairs, known as the centre of gravity. Whatever the load, this point is supposed to be constant or the machine will not fly safely.

No one knows where the centre of gravity in this Sunderland got pushed to. Maybe there was no gravity aboard—certainly there was none among the squashed and grinning men.

The doors were shut somehow. The engines broke into a roar—more than 3,000 h.p. of them.

Miles of Uncertainty

Slowly, the giant flying-boat moved off along the sea. The empty lifeboats rocked far behind.

It is pretty crowded normally. How all the survivors were packed in will remain a flying miracle for all time

Sixty-one aboard instead of eight—would she rise off the water? No one knew, not even her skipper. But he had a youthful faith.

The aircraft gained speed. She was travelling fast — very fast. She seemed to leap from roller to roller, but she would not lift.

Half a mile. A mile. Two miles. Three miles.

The motor revs. were showing above safety maximum on the dials before the pilots' faces. The manifold pressure was dangerously high.

Five miles—and at last she lifted, rose a little, bumped down with a jar that seemed to shake everyone's bones, bounced up, and rose to 50 ft.

Then she sailed along, losing a little height, fighting doggedly to climb into the sky, airborne, yet with the big rollers below splashing their spray to within feet of her hull as it threw its shadow across the sea.

For over 100 miles that flying-boat was so low that, in a bad storm, a wave might have clawed her down. But the weather held.

The breeze freshened, and presently she rose a bit higher—and attained a safe level.

She sighted her base, circled into the wind, and touched down, heavily but perfectly.

Once more, men had risked everything, with a courage and skill beyond all praise, not to kill but to save.

There can be no finer or more satisfying memory. . . .

IT'S NEXT WEEK

Make a note now of Friday next, July 31, opening day of the great Exhibition of War Pictures, organised by "Illustrated" in aid of the Red Cross.

It's at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, and fighting in Russia has a special section in the pick of the world's best war time photographs.

No one should miss it!

THE COLONEL WHO DID NOT RETURN

HEROIC Poles are not waiting for the end of the war to make the Nazis pay for their crimes. Forget, for a moment, the picture of a prostrate people, helplessly exposed to the worst that the Nazi beasts can do.

Turn your eyes to the fighting Poles, the soldiers and airmen who are battling side by side with us and hitting the Germans wherever they meet them.

It is not long ago that one of these Poles, Lt.-Col. Skarzynski, struck a blow at Germany—a blow that hurt. He was one of the men recently mentioned in the communiqué of the Polish Army H.Q. in Britain.

"Polish bomber squadrons," it said, "took their share in the third 'four-figure' raid over Bremen."

And now glance back at a British bomber base where crews are briefed in a strange language, where fighting Poles received their last instructions before they joined their British comrades on one of the biggest bombing raids ever.

Among them was a tall, grey-haired man whom one would not have expected among the youthful airmen ready for the big job.

Well Over Fifty

It was Lt.-Colonel Skarzynski. Well over fifty, he served as a cavalry officer in the Polish army during the last war, was wounded and invalided out, but never resigned himself to a civilian future.

A born soldier, he learned to fly and quickly became an expert airman. He was given an important post with the Polish Aeronautic Department, but there was nothing that would hold that man in an administrative job.

In his leisure hours Skarzynski worked on big plans. And his most intimate friends were surprised when he revealed to them that he was ready to go on a solo-flight around Africa.

To him it seemed a small venture, and its success spurred him to bigger things. He became the first and only Polish airman to cross the Atlantic from Africa to Brazil.

When Germany attacked his country he fought as a bomber pilot, and when the end came he did not admit defeat. He escaped to Britain, anxious to continue flying and fighting.

Soon he was in battle again, this time side by side with the airmen of the R.A.F.

He became one of the gallant band of Polish airmen who have already destroyed nearly 500 Nazi 'planes. He became a symbol of those Polish crews who, flying from Britain, have manned nearly 3,000 bombers on expeditions against the Nazi enemy.

Quietly, but with all the zest of a much younger man, this over-fifty colonel prepared himself for the big Bremen raid

As He Would Wish

Now read on in the Polish communiqué quoted when you were introduced to him:

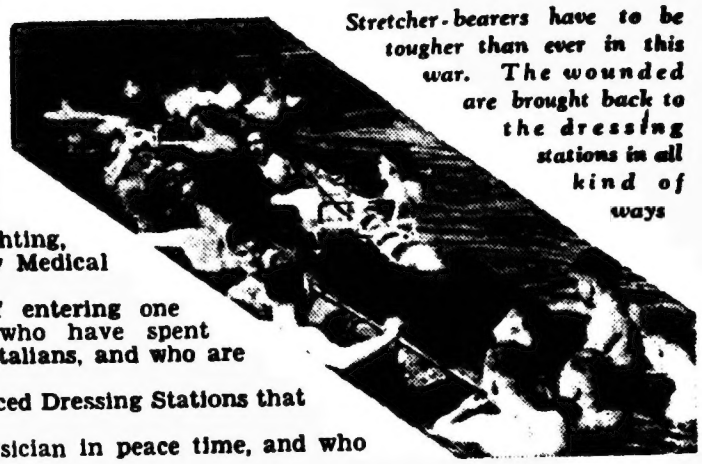
"Four of the Polish crews," it said, "have not returned from these operations; nevertheless one of the crews was saved with the loss of one pilot who was drowned in the sea."

That pilot was Skarzynski. He died as he would have wished to die—as a great airman and a Polish hero.

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW

Not strictly accurate about the troops you meet this week, because they are, of course, non-combatant, but they face all the danger

By MAURICE FAGENCE



Stretcher-bearers have to be tougher than ever in this war. The wounded are brought back to the dressing stations in all kind of ways

Nazis Admire Our Medical Corps

THEY may not take part in the fighting, but the men of the Royal Army Medical Corps are right up among it.

In fact, within five minutes of entering one R.A.M.C. camp I was speaking to men who have spent months as captives of the Germans and Italians, and who are just back from the Western Desert.

They told me of complete British Advanced Dressing Stations that had changed hands several times.

An R.A.M.C. captain, a well-known physician in peace time, and who spent some months in German hands, told me:

"I met some of the officers quite close to Rommel.

"One of them said our R.A.M.C. personnel was the best in the world. They praised much of our equipment, but on two points they criticised it as inferior to their own.

"I have given our authorities details of a little operating tent which enables the German surgeon to work in the filthiest part of the desert, surrounded by flies and insects, with a minimum of danger to his patient.

"It folds into tiny space when not wanted. But you just build it round a badly wounded man who cannot be moved, saturate it in phenol, and carry on with the operation.

Our Way Best

"But the Germans don't seem to devote as much thought as ourselves to considering whether it is in the best interests of the man to carry him right away from the battle and operate at a more distant point.

"The R.A.M.C. argument is that, in a great preponderance of cases, it becomes more dangerous to move a man after he has been operated on when he is suffering from shock.

"We want to see that as many front-line soldiers remain front-line soldiers, but our main aim is to save somebody's husband, father, son.

"The Germans, with a totalitarian thoroughness that is almost desperation, concentrate on rushing a man back into the battle-line with all speed.

"Here is the other criticism about our equipment. It concerns the soldier's water-bottle.

"Our bottles have ordinary corks that crack, crumble, sometimes give an unpleasant taste to the water.

"The Germans have a screw top that obviates most of those difficulties. But their bottles are also fitted with nozzles that enable the Nazi trooper to spray the liquid into his mouth, making it go three times farther than when gulped from a wide neck.

"The German doctors thought our medical chests miracles of efficiency and compactness.

Long Preparation

"For five years the German's had been perfecting their equipment—general as well as medical—by a system of trial and error, yet to-day they did not consider it as superior to our own except on one or two not unimportant points."

An excellent picture of the Royal Army Medical Corps in battle was given to me by a sergeant-major, who described how his medical unit was captured *en bloc*!

"We were actually a Main Dressing Station, which should have meant that we were receiving our wounded from an advanced Dressing Station.

"But such was the heat of battle that we were sending our own parties out to bring in our wounded.

"They were bombing us three times a day, and machine-gunning us from the air much more often. But we were too busy treating our wounded and getting them away to the Casualty Clearing Station to have any fears about it, or even notice it overmuch.

"What worried us more was that they were bombing the ambulances that were taking away the boys we had treated.

"We were to know the reason when we ourselves became prisoners a few hours later. We found that the Germans and Italians used their own ambulances for petrol, ammunition, and other supplies.

"A sandstorm broke just as we were dealing with a big number of R.A.S.C. supply drivers who had been wounded. They are great guys, those lads. People at home don't realise what they are doing, and how cheerfully.

"The Germans and Italians somehow pushed their way through the pea-soup of sand around us. We suddenly found shots flashing through our tents knee-high.

All Mixed Up

"We were captured while still carrying on with our treatment. Fortunately, very few men were wounded, none seriously. Most of the damage was to the fabric of our trouser-legs.

"I had been nearly captured before, when my ambulance column, when bustling up to another ambulance column all friendly-like, discovered just in time it was German, and with infantry with it. But this time they'd got me."

I heard many tributes to our blood transfusion service in the Western Desert. Many of the German doctors share our view that it is better than their own.

The Nazis send out liquid blood, which needs continual refrigeration, and even then keeps very few weeks.

We send out the dried plasma, and if the liquid blood is absolutely essential get it from our own medical orderlies, whose blood has all been tested and classified for such emergencies.

I can reveal that one of Britain's hero-cities provides all the blood needed by wounded British soldiers.

In that city, and surrounding districts, 200,000 people give regular donations of blood to the Royal Army Medical Corps. The work has to be centralised in this way round a blood-drying depot.

If blood were collected over the whole face of the kingdom it would have to be sent out in liquid form.

Big supplies might possibly arrive during a lull in the battle, and be absolutely useless when the fighting flared up again.

We could get big new supplies, but by the time they arrived the fighting might have died down again.

Saved Thousands

Not one of those 200,000 people has been known to complain, no matter what demands have been made on them. And their ungrudging selflessness has saved thousands of lives.

The R.A.M.C. is a Corps of many jobs.

They begin the day after his enlistment, when the Regimental Medical Officer determines what military work he is able to do.

From then on his health, his hygiene, his nerves, his morale, and even, to a very big extent, his future welfare, are the concern of the Corps.

I rejoiced to find R.A.M.C. men whose job it is to see that the wounded Tommy's pension rights are safeguarded when he is returned to civilian life, who will see that the lapse of years will not bring forgetfulness as to what a man suffered.

A great innovation this!

Just behind him in battle—and not always behind him, in these days of open warfare—the R.A.M.C. man is waiting, to give him the best emergency treatment and rush him back to . . . well, I will quote what a General of the Corps told me:

"To send him back to those patient, untiring Army nursing sisters whose cool hands are the first reminder of loved ones waiting at home, and the first stage to cure."

I stood before an R.A.M.C. Roll of Honour of men who have been killed.

I thought how true it was of them that they died—and without any weapons of defence in their hands—that their comrades should live.

WHERE

SPEED is the soul of war. "I always make it my business to be a quarter of an hour ahead of the enemy," said Nelson when asked for the secret of his success.

Never was speed so imperious a necessity for us as now.

The war is in the balance. The enemy is flinging everything into a desperate throw for an immediate decision. He is out to "win or lose it all," not next year or the year after, but now, this summer, in these terrific weeks and days that are upon us.

If we are to hold him we must meet speed with speed. We must strike with every weapon we have, with all the force that we can command.

WE MUST STRIKE NOW. AND ABOVE ALL WE MUST STRIKE WHERE THE BLOW WILL BE MOST INSTANT AND MOST DEADLY.

★ ★ ★

The aim of the Axis is clear. Hitler's strategy never varies. One objective at a time and all his might gathered into an irresistible knock-out blow to reach it.

The objective now is the elimination of Russia, or at least the isolation of Russia, before Britain and America can mass their growing power to strike in his rear.

It is a prodigious gamble, for which he is taking great risks.

If it succeeds, the united front will be severed. Russia will be cut off from her allies, from her oilfields and from her granaries.

With her armies still in the field and with her spirit unbroken, she will still be a Samson, but a Samson shorn of his locks. Her offensive power will be gone. She can be "contained" and neutralised.

Hitler, on the other hand, will have solved two of his most urgent problems. He will have the oil of the Caucasus and the grain lands of the Ukraine. He will have fuel and food.

He will have burst the gateway between him and the Middle East.

In his attachment to the strategy of the single objective, he will have two choices before him. With one claw of his pincers through the Caucasus and the other well advanced in Egypt, he may concentrate on squeezing us in the Middle East.

Alternatively, he may decide to turn westward for the grapple with Britain before Anglo-American power has reached its peak.

In the former case he would continue to risk his rear and drive forward with the pincers movement.

In the latter case he would stand pat in the Middle East and gamble everything on a knockout blow at Britain in the autumn.

In this calculation of his strategic aims and our problems in dealing with them we must remember that Hitler and Tojo are working to a common scheme for scattering the forces of the United Nations.

★ ★ ★

TOJO'S IMMEDIATE STRATEGY IS AS SINGLE-MINDED AS HITLER'S. JUST AS THE LATTER'S TYRANNIC PURPOSE IS THE ISOLATION OF RUSSIA, SO TOJO'S PURPOSE IS THE ISOLATION OF CHINA.

His spectacular successes in the Pacific, and especially the closing of the Burma

WE CAN HIT NOW!

Only those in control can decide the moment for the land offensive, but, without under-estimating the importance of our raids on Germany, there is a strong argument for hurling our 'planes into the immediate danger points

Says A. G. GARDINER

Road, have left him free for what has always been his first objective.

He cannot consolidate his enormous conquests while an unconquered China extends for a thousand miles on his right flank in the Pacific.

He must sweep Chiang Kai-shek from his path just as Hitler must eliminate Stalin. He must be undisputed master of China before he can establish his dominion of the Pacific.

For this reason the threats to India and Australia have petered out. They have served their immediate purposes. They have sent our vast convoys of munitions into the Indian Ocean to meet a danger that is indefinitely postponed.

All Tojo's resources are being flung into the immediate objective, which is the complete conquest of China.

He has helped Hitler by diverting mountains of munitions from Russia to the Pacific.

He helps him also by keeping Stalin perpetually under the threat of a war on two fronts. But his consuming passion is the destruction of China.

★ ★ ★

Against this joint strategy of the enemy what reply can we make with the instancy and power that will defeat it?

The reply that Russia in her agony cries for is a new front in the West. It is a reply that must be made sooner or later.

It is the reply which all of us wish to see made, and which is the ceaseless preoccupation of those who carry the burden of these anxious days.

IF IT COULD BE MADE NOW, AND MADE WITH THE DEVASTATING MIGHT THAT WOULD ALONE JUSTIFY IT, IT WOULD CHANGE THE WHOLE CENTRE OF GRAVITY OF THE WAR.

It would relieve the pressure on Russia and might save the Caucasus and the Middle East.

★ ★ ★

But the task is gigantic, the risks enormous. And failure would be fatal, not only to this country, but to the issue of the war itself.

I am not capable of offering an opinion on so great and complex a matter. Nor, I think, are those who are most eager in the advocacy of this new front.

It must be decided by those who know the facts, who have the security of this country in their keeping and who can weigh the probabilities of success against the probabilities of failure.

It is well that, in the decision of this grave question, America is associated with us. May those charged with our fate be wisely guided in their judgment of the hour to strike.

But there are other aspects of the swift and resolute reply to the enemy's strategy which are not beyond our judgment.

I wrote last week of our command of the sea as the guarantee of ultimate victory. That guarantee must be fortified until it is absolute.

But there is another weapon with which we now have the whip-hand over the enemy. And it is, above all others, most fitted for the immediate need of speed and mobility.

Our dominion of the air is now established. Each day it grows in power. Each day its influence upon the course of the war gathers momentum.

General Smuts, in 1917, prophesied that the air arm would become the decisive weapon in the wars of the future. It may well prove to be so in this war.

Thanks to its astonishing mobility it lessens the handicap which our exterior lines and our long sea routes impose on our strategy.

As our supremacy grows, so grows our power of striking swiftly and with deadly precision in any theatre of the struggle.

It has enabled us to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country with material results that are known and moral results that we can guess.

It is a new front in being—a front that is smashing Hitler's war machine at its source and to which he has no effective reply.

For example, to kill the U-boat before it quits its nest is the shortest and surest cut to victory.

Our powerful Lancasters, raiding Danzig in daylight, have shown how much can be done with air power

BUT IN THIS CRITICAL HOUR IT MAY WELL BE URGED THAT ALL THE 'PLANES WE CAN COMMAND SHOULD BE HURLED INTO THE IMMEDIATE DANGER POINTS OF BATTLE NEAR AND FAR.

They have stemmed the tide in Egypt. They should darken the sun over the Caucasus.

I would rather hear of a thousand bombers raining death over Bock's *panzers* than over Cologne.

With our growing supplies of 'planes the skies of the Middle East should swarm with them like hawks, poised now to strike Rommel in the West, now Bock over the Black Sea.

And together Britain and America should pour into China such an avalanche of 'planes as will undo our failure to keep the Burma Road open and will enable Chiang Kai-shek to save the key position of the Pacific from falling a prey to the bestial enemy.

Rommel's Interesting Trip in 1937

EARLY in 1937 a party of little-known German officers in mufti reached Tripoli after a short Mediterranean cruise. They were entertained by Balbo, then Italian governor of Libya, travelled along the coastal road to Egypt, visited Cairo and Alexandria and finally returned to Germany via Sicily and Italy.

On arrival in Berlin, their spokesman was received by Hitler personally. His name was—Rommel!

There and then Hitler discussed the Nazi "Plan South" which provides for the German conquest of Africa.

Decision to carry out this plan sooner or later was taken on that day. Whatever Rommel's immediate objective the "Plan South" still stands high on the list of Germany's military intentions.

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You may think that Rommel is only after the oil of the Middle East, that he would be satisfied with cutting the British Empire in two and severing connections between the West and the East.

But, as a result of Hitler's decision to carry out "Plan South," measures have been taken inside Germany—and are being intensified just now—which reveal his wider objectives.

There is news of intensive "colonial" activity in Hamburg. Big technical schemes for road-building, the development of railways in Africa are under constant review by thousands of Germany's former colonial administrators and experts.

Near Hamburg, at a country estate around Castle Reinbeck, hundreds of Nazi students are being taught the intricacies of African forestry. Colonial Agriculture is being taught at a big college of Goettingen University.

Courses for prospective German farmers for Africa are being held. Even women have a special Colonial school.

Hitler's geopolitical advisers, the draughtsmen of most of his strategic plans, have painted for him a picture of a German Empire in Africa which would make Hitler's Nazi Europe completely self-supporting. They have handed him a long list of the world's most valuable raw materials which can be obtained from Africa.

Neither are Nazi diplomats making a secret of these plans and hopes. They have in recent months openly threatened South American countries, notably the Argentine, that they would be economically strangled after the war in case of a German victory—unless they help to achieve it now.

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The Nazi argument was that Europe would not buy from South America because it could rely on supplies from Africa.

But there is little doubt that this ambitious scheme, sensational and new as it may sound to many people, was clearly understood by the British and Dominion Governments a long time ago. General Smuts, for instance, realises the significance of constant Nazi attempts to stir up trouble in South Africa.

The British Government has effectively countered insidious Nazi propaganda aimed at dividing Britain and South Africa.

★ ★ ★

General de Gaulle's firm hold on big parts of the French Colonial Empire has proved a powerful spanner in the works of the Nazi would-be conquerors.

In spite of Rommel's temporary successes "Plan South" is farther from its aim than ever. And Rommel knows that even if by an incredible turn of events he may find his hands free to carry on with the "Plan," he would meet his greatest obstacle.

That obstacle is the indelible memory in the minds of millions of African natives of Imperial Germany's colonial rule before the last war.

We may have forgotten that this German colonial rule was marked by terror and atrocities against the natives nearly comparable with the Nazi atrocities in Europe now. But the natives have not forgotten.

Together with Britain, South Africa and Free France they will see that "Plan South" will never materialise.

W. E.

Stalin's 'Subs' Are Giving Nazis Shocks

BADLY damaging the *Tirpitz*, Hitler's proudest battleship, is merely the high-light of the daring job the submarines of Stalin's young Northern Fleet have been doing.

Few people realise the extent to which these craft working with mosquito boats and destroyers, are day by day harassing Germany's sea communications.

All through the grim Arctic winter they have prevented reinforcements reaching the Nazi land forces, and at the same time they have guarded our convoys carrying war aid to Russia.

Soviet submarine commanders with tongue-twisting names, have sunk over twenty enemy transports, three submarines and one destroyer.

A submarine, operating in the very heart of a Norwegian fjord, spotted an enemy transport strongly guarded by three warships.

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The commander attacked, torpedoed the transport. Next moment enemy depth charges rained down. The submarine surfaced and started shooting!

That was too much for the Nazis. They sheered off.

Immediately Russia was attacked her submarines shifted their operations to enemy waters.

As soon as the Nazis found that Soviet submarines were cheekily penetrating their harbours and doing heavy damage, they strengthened their defences.

That didn't worry the submarine commanders, not even when one of them, after sinking two enemy transports, was trapped temporarily in an anti-submarine net. He got away!

Another torpedoed a transport convoyed by a patrol ship and two cutters. It was detected and subjected to intensive bombing.

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The fuel tank was holed and an oily streak on the surface betrayed the submarine's position.

Since it was impossible to evade the enemy, the commander decided to surface and fight it out.

She opened fire at once.

The patrol boat, intending to ram, made for her at once, but was sent to the bottom by a salvo from the submarine's guns.

Then one of the cutters approached. She was speedily sunk. The second cutter quickly vanished in the mist!

One duel between a Russian submarine and a U-boat lasted for three hours.

Manœuvring with uncanny skill, the Soviet commander steadily wore down the enemy, tricking him into launching attack after attack in wrong directions.

After using his entire stock of torpedoes the Nazi commander had had enough, but before he could escape two Russian "tin-fish" scored direct hits on his hull and blew him up.

BE DRASTIC WITH ALIENS IN WAR RACKETS

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

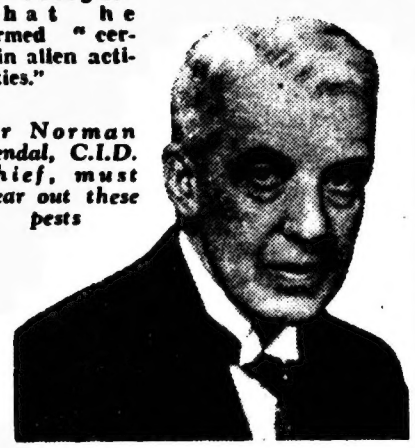
MOST of the 230,000 men and women of alien origin now in this country are loyal supporters of the United Nations' cause.

This is not surprising, because a big percentage of them are refugees from the Nazi terror.

But, taking advantage of the welcome extended to all genuine refugees, there are some who systematically abuse our hospitality.

The fact that they are in the minority does not lessen the need for a more stringent check upon their activities. While they are free to operate it is inevitable that they should bring loyal and honest aliens into disrepute.

Questions have been raised in Parliament, and only the other day Mr. Justice Croom-Johnson urged Scotland Yard to investigate what he termed "certain alien activities."



Sir Norman Kendal, C.I.D. Chief, must clear out these pests

He was moved to these comments following a case in which an Austrian named Thein sought to recover a fur coat from a woman who had acted as his nominee.

Now my department has also run across Thein's name in connection with liquor rackets.

He had an office in Regent Street, London, where he was able to trade as a "wine broker" on the strength of a Customs and Excise licence, which anyone may obtain for £15 15s.

So far, Thein and his associates have been able to command exorbitant prices for all kinds of liquor, and it remains to be seen how far the new regulations introduced this month will curb this branch of profiteering.

So much for Thein.

There are many others—men of our own nationality as well as of other nationalities—who ought to come under official observation.

Some known to me have many irons in the fire, and their operations include moneylending and financial transactions of a shady nature.

I know of one provincial hotel which has spent thousands of pounds on liquor which changed hands at double its real value. Complaints from customers became so insistent that sales were stopped.

It is now accepted that the worst black market offenders are aliens.

In the big food profiteering conspiracy at the Old Bailey recently seven out of eleven men involved were of alien origin.

The ringleader, Solomon Skylinsky, has been exposed in JOHN BULL repeatedly.

He used to be mixed up in big share-pushing ramps, and at one time, when operating from palatial offices in Holborn Viaduct, was concerned in a sensational case in which a "mystery man," who turned out to be an alien, was convicted as an associate of crooks.

Ten of the nineteen men involved in a recent clothing ramp were of alien origin.

This is probably true of 60 per cent. of black market operators.

Of the 256 aliens now awaiting deportation, many have been convicted of this class of offence.

In the square mile around Piccadilly Circus, London, at least fifteen black market manipulators are known to be busy. Others have migrated to provincial cities since the last case at the High Courts to which we have referred.

So I welcome the news that the Special Branch at Scotland Yard, under Sir Norman Kendal, chief of the C.I.D., is launching a new drive to end this menace.

QUICK WAY TO DEAL WITH FEE HAWKS

THE Government should abolish all superfluous, fee-charging "employment agencies," and all worthless "home work employment" schemes—certainly for the "duration."

Some old-established agencies are quite well conducted and serve a useful purpose, but there is no justification for the existence of many hole-in-the-corner concerns, which just exist to snatch fees.

Some obscure "agencies," specialising in hotel and public-house jobs, sting both employer and employee. I recently heard of a case where an hotel manager shared fees paid by job-seekers, and, sacking them promptly, repeated the process with fresh applicants.

Impudent "homework" schemes still flourish despite all criticism, and poor people pay over fees, of five shillings or so, for bundles of printed rubbish which leads nowhere beyond the salvage bin.

★ ★ ★

Three "evergreen" promoters in this class are W. J. Ballard, York House, Hambrook Road, London, S.E.25 (whose literature comprises six pages of good paper for every client); F. Youngson, Newbald, York (whose circulars are just as prolific), and—king of them all—Leslie Archibald Spikesman, Belleville Road, London, S.W.11.

Recently from his address "A. B. C." was advertising a fee-snatching racket for lonely people. "A. B. C.," whose scheme I criticised, has now changed his headquarters to Honeywell Road—in the same district.

One simple Government Order, consisting of only a few words, could put all these people out of business in a single day.

How much longer are they to be permitted to go on bamboozling people?

WISE KATHERINE SELLS RUBBISH

KATHERINE MACDONALD, 6, Lansdowne Crescent, Kelvinbridge, Glasgow, is no ordinary woman. She deploys an astonishing range of activities from "Over Forty" clubs to safe and sure cures for all ills.

She runs what she calls a "Health Institute." She teaches psychology and dancing for fees which on some days are 1s. and others 1s. 6d.

For 1s., postage 3d., you can have a powerful rejuvenating tonic.

And you can pay a fee for advice on nerves, rheumatism, head noises, deafness—in fact, "all troubles."

Then she has "classes."

There is a "School for Advanced Thinkers," too, where elocution, public speaking, literature, discussions, debates and questions are all among the ritual. Problems are also solved at 6d. a time.

"Young Men, Women, study Sexology," one announcement runs. "Is Britain Doomed from within by Disease? Awful Disclosures in Land of the Free."

Some of her operations may be harmless enough. But she is too versatile for my liking, particularly when she offers to treat ailments which should most decidedly only be dealt with by fully qualified medical practitioners.

Beware These Bogus Inspectors

A SOUTH London woman, who had hurriedly finished her housework and was about to go out shopping, received a call from a smart-looking man carrying a satchel.

Apologising for troubling her, he explained that he was employed by the local Council to find out what food stores were being kept in reserve by housewives in the locality.

Admitted to the pantry, he appeared satisfied with what he saw, but then said that as he had to report that no hoarding was going on he must therefore inspect cupboards, offrooms and so on. "A rotten job," he added, "but it's my duty."

If she didn't go to the shops soon the things she needed would have gone to earlier shoppers, so the woman left him to carry on with his "official" task.

She returned to find that he had departed with several articles of jewellery, some valuable studs, and even ties, shirts and shoes.

Her visitor was one of many bogus inspectors who are causing several Government Departments continual trouble just now. The Food Ministry, in particular, recently issued a special warning about their operations.

They also trick small traders.

A Manchester grocer, for instance, received a call from a bogus Food official who inspected his stock, asked several unpleasant questions, "requisitioned" certain foodstuffs, and later secured a sum of money as his price for stopping contemplated proceedings.

When the grocer realised he had committed no offence, he went to the police, to find that he was only one of many victims.

Other impostors include men who call to see that the telephone is in order; say they are from the agricultural committee to ensure that food is being grown in the garden; from the Fuel office to ensure that there is no wastage of coal or electricity, and, among other guises, from the A.R.P. to test fire-fighting and shelter facilities.

There is one simple way to safeguard yourself from being caught. Every genuine inspector has to carry a properly stamped warrant card. Ask to see it.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

An Essex reader, who for reasons I appreciate wishes to remain anonymous, receives this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed on all matters needing inquiry or editorial comment. Please mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

Human Machine

ARE YOU ONE!

A good many years ago the famous Russian novelist **Dostoevsky** said in his *Letters from the Underworld*: "I should not be surprised if, amidst all the order and regularity of the future, there should suddenly arise some gentleman who should say to you all:

"'Would it not be a good thing if we were to kick all this solemn wisdom to the winds, and begin to live our lives again according to our own stupid whims?'

"Yet this would be as nothing; the really shameful part of the business would be that this gentleman would find a goodly number of adherents."

True, isn't it?

We most of us love to think how nice it would be to kick down everything with which we disagree, and smash everything we dislike.

We're all unthinking fools at bottom. A good many of us, fortunately, learn in time to conquer this tendency.

Nevertheless, the tendency is always there, and we would all do well to remember it and be on the lookout for it; for in these days and in the days that will come when war is over we are going to be assailed from all sides by "this gentleman" and countless others like him.

Any fool, even any little child, can smash and destroy. It takes a farseeing and wise man to build.

It's up to each separate one of us to look at every idea twice—and then twice more—before we add it to our mental stock. For in the end it's going to be us that will have to decide whether to destroy wisdom or add to it.

Your considered verdict on "this gentleman" and his ideas is going to be as important as the verdict of anyone else.

Stranger Than Fiction

By Waldo Kellar

I took him out for an apéritif. In some cases it is necessary to loosen people up before they talk. In the end he talked . . .

THE CRAZIEST ARGUMENT

COMBINATION of all the Crazy Gangs in the world under the direction of Lewis Carroll could not imagine anything half so absurd as life is sometimes.

I was talking, once upon a time, to a French lawyer who specialised in divorce. He had, with more or less skill, and not too many scruples, handled many of the more notorious divorces of his day.

He had retired before the last war and was very old: a rather wicked and cynical old Corsican who considered human beings as actors in a gigantic farce.

It was he who told me the altogether idiotic circumstances in the divorce of two people whom I will call Monsieur and Madame Lebrun.

This is what he told me:

Monsieur and Madame Lebrun (he said) were, on the whole, what one might describe as a love match. I may say, in passing, that out of the countless cases I have handled quite a considerable portion of divorces have occurred between parties who were originally married for love.

Certainly there was no question of any infidelity. Monsieur and Madame Lebrun never spent an hour away from each other if they could help it.

They were quite famous for their devotion to each other.

After they had been married for three years they still held hands in public like children in the first flush of romance. They touched each other's feet under the table. If they were left alone for two minutes you could be certain that they would steal a little kiss or gaze into each other's eyes with expressions such as one uses when one is young and foolish.

Yet they were both extremely intelligent people, and, moreover, not too young. He was about thirty-three and she could not have been less than thirty-one or thirty-two.

I knew them both personally. I had met them socially. I know a good deal about the relationships existing between men and their wives and I am difficult to astonish, I assure you.

Yet I must admit that I was surprised, and almost shocked, when Monsieur Lebrun came to see me in my office one day and said that he and his wife desired a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility.

I said: "But surely that is impossible? I should have thought that you were in love with your wife and that she was equally in love with you."

He said: "I do not know quite how it is, but things have broken up between us."

"She has a friend?" I said.

"Good heavens, no."

"Then perhaps you permitted yourself some little indiscretion?"

He said: "I have hardly looked at another woman since I first met my wife. I have certainly committed no indiscretion with any other woman."

And he went on to say: "We used to love each other. We used to agree on every possible point. Now, we disagree almost violently, and we cannot be together without quarrelling.

"In point of fact, it is she who will divorce me on grounds of cruelty, because, as it so happens, we have already come to blows."

"But why?" I asked.

He was shamefaced. I took him out for an apéritif. In some cases it is necessary to loosen people up a little before they talk. In the end he talked, and I have never heard anything quite so unreasonable and absurd.

IT was like this. He loved her, and she loved him. And they would ask each other twenty times a day, "Do you love me? Do you really love me?"

A rhetorical question, I need scarcely say, because each of them was certain of the love of the other. But one day when Monsieur Lebrun asked his wife if she loved him, she replied: "I love you more than you love me."

He said: "On the contrary, darling, it is I who love you more than you love me."

She said: "How can you be so silly? Since it is obvious that I love you much, much more than you love me."

He said: "How is it obvious?"

"Because to me it is obvious," she said.

He replied: "You are talking the most absolute nonsense. It is quite impossible for anybody, anybody in the world, to love any woman more than I love you."

"With men," she said, "it is different. I am the kind of woman who loves with all her heart and soul."

"And I?" he said. "And what kind of man am I?"

"You are only a man. Men are different. When a woman loves she loves more than a man."

"What you do not understand is, that there are men *and* men. I do not love lightly. If I love, I love with all my heart and soul."

"All the same, she said, "you will never love me as I love you."

He was becoming exasperated. He pounded the table with his fist and shouted: "I am telling you that it is I, do you understand, I who love you as no woman was ever loved by any man!"

SHE, also irritated, screamed: "You talk just like an arrogant and foolish man! You think that nobody loves anybody except you—that you are the only person who can feel affection! Bah! What conceit!"

"You lie," he said.

There was a glass of water by her hand. She threw the contents of it at Monsieur Lebrun. He, in a fit of anger, slapped her face. She retaliated by kicking him on the shin. It ended in a real fight.

She was a very big and powerful woman; he was only a little man. It ended with Monsieur Lebrun lying on his back on the carpet, and his wife sitting on his chest and half strangling him with his necktie while she said: "Now admit! I love you more than you love me! Admit it or I'll choke you."

He said: "On the contrary, it is I who love you more than you love me since I let you beat me, because I was afraid to hurt you."

And so it went on. After that they never had a moment's peace together. This altogether crazy quarrel assumed vast proportions.

They rowed like cats on a roof. It began, as I say, over the question of who loved the other more. It spread to everything they ever talked about.

And the end of it was that they divorced. The grounds were cruelty. The truth of the matter was too ridiculous to be told. Have you ever heard such a crazy story?

JUST A MATTER OF FORM

A FRIEND of mine applied for a Government post recently and was given a form to fill up. I've got the form. It's a beauty.

There are four pages of it. With nearly a hundred blank spaces to be filled in. Starting with my friend's name, address and telephone number (if any).

Having filled in his name, the next thing he is required to do is to fill in his name! But this time in block letters, so that apparently they don't quite trust his handwriting the first time.

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Next comes his name again, if different at birth, and then any other name by which he may be known. In case, most likely, he has ever been known as Wiff-Woff, the Illusionist, or Slippo, the Slack-wire King.

Or, possibly, Otto Grotto, the celebrated spy. In which case, of course, like a meek lamb, he would tell them.

Another quarter of a page finishes with that side of his life. But then he has to start on a similar section about his father (dead or alive) and another similar section about his mother (dead or alive).

And then they want to know where (if at all) he was educated. Elementary school? Secondary school? Public school? University? With all particulars as to special qualifications, such as certificates, diplomas, University degrees, etc.

Next he is required to say if he can write shorthand and type, and if so at what speed. And then give a list of his pensions, with details as to salary prior to retirement.

This is followed by a gay corner for information about his serious illnesses, such as spitting of blood, hernia, and what not.

After which he has to tell all he knows about his height, his weight, the colour of his hair and the colour of his eyes.

The next question is a nice one. "Have you ever been adjudicated bankrupt or made an arrangement with your creditors?"

And the *next* question is a nicer one still. "Are you free from pecuniary embarrassment?" (I wonder if "Who is?" would be taken as an answer?)

Then: "Have you ever been convicted of an offence of which an employment Department ought to be aware?" In other words: "What is known against the accused?"

★ ★ ★

It is the section on the back page which is the real work of art. Here my friend is asked to give the name, address, business of his employer, the position held by him, his salary, the extent of his employment (giving dates) and the cause of his leaving in connection with *every job he has ever had since he first went out to business.*

They give him sixty blank spaces to play about with here.

No, my friend did not fill in the form. He's still laughing.

You see, the job was only for £3 12s. 6d. a week. And only for three weeks . . .

Who says we are not, as a nation, thorough?

WILL SCOTT.

Atlantic 'Midway' Isle is Ready

NEW BATTLEFIELDS: III.—Hitler intended Iceland should be a base for his Atlantic highwaymen, but, manned chiefly by U.S. troops, it is now a nasty thorn for him.—By HAROLD A. ALBERT.

THERE comes a moment in the Iceland summer's night when the red sun sinks to the horizon and then starts to rise. It hasn't slid very far on the return journey before Major-General Bowsteel is out of bed.

He breakfasts while signing official papers. He is diving into dug-outs before the Icelandic shops are open, sighting the Garaud rifles to test the field of fire, turning up at odd moments and unexpected places to test the fighting readiness of every American soldier and marine under his command.

Pre-War Spying

Charlie Bowsteel is a human dynamo. Iceland is a power-house of Democracy.

Hitler meant to have it. The *Emden* spied out the land while ostensibly inspecting a herring fleet.

The German submarines U.26 and U.27 cruised the southern inlets while Capt. von Friedeburg made sure of Iceland's suitability as a U-boat base to bottle up Britain.

Professor Gerlach, high-flying friend of Goering and Goebbels, was made consul in Reykjavik. Goering's brother visited the island to aid propaganda. By German films, cheap trips to Germany, stage-managed trade, all the cheapjack tricks of pre-conquest, Hitler schemed the support of the Icelanders.

They could have given him the freedom of the Atlantic.

Instead, Iceland is the one European country that he failed to win according to plan.

We beat him to it.

When the British marines landed they found an aerodrome based on a lava plain high in the mountains. The Germans had made it.

They found smuggled arms, secret weather stations, hidden swastika flags.

The hectic adventures of the film "49th Parallel" came true in Iceland. The spearhead of a Fifth Column landed from the shipwrecked steamer *Bahia Blanca*. Some of the so-called seamen were qualified air pilots. Others were veteran street fighters.

Contacting the Icelandic Nazi Party, they schemed to overcome the police force when the hour came. When our lads landed from the *Metcor* the Nazis made for the mountains.

The chase led to a farmhouse in a swampy tundra, where the marines had to wade waist deep through the swamp bogs. Security Corps officers found some of the others through the give-away of a drunken confederate. One by one the rest were caught or gave themselves up.

God's will! say the Icelanders, remembering the strange fact that the Act of Union with Denmark was due to expire in any case in 1940. Selling twice as much to the U.K. as to Denmark, the politicians had contemplated union with Britain.

Few had favoured utter independence.

Converted Nazis

Tommy Atkins tugged the strings of history. His grin, his football, Tyneside voices in the local philharmonic choirs, won over even the Hitlerists. And two years of occupation have consolidated Iceland into an impregnable fortress, reckoned in steel or stout hearts.

Our first forces slept in tents, schools and fish-sheds, marched for miles over "sweet damn-all." The country roads were too rough even for bicycles. Yet 1,000 miles of communications had to be extended. Defences had to be blasted out of rock and frozen marsh.

Building the Nissen villages was a race against time, with winter the enemy.

The 133 m.p.h. hurricanes screeched down and some of the tin huts took to flying. Ironic logs came through to London: "Nissen became airborne at 10.00 hours, crashed on Number One runway, disintegrated."

On the airfields forty men, detailed in reliefs, had to cling to the Whitleys and Hudsons to keep them from moving.

"Where's your guard hut?" an officer asked two sentries.

"Out in the bay, sir!"

But when the Americans arrived they found the Nissens complete down to curtains and matting, flower gardens and shower-baths — and fair-haired farmers' children able to chortle, "Hullo, big boys!"

In the north the most distant outpost was completely equipped for a three months' siege down to ascorbic tablets to counteract the fruit minus.

An R.A.F. dance band welcomed the Americans with swing as it should be—hear them render "It's a long way to Akureyri to the coldest gal I know"!—and the Stulkas (Iceland girls) had already mastered jitterbug dancing.

Iceland in summer is a monotonous picnic. Drives to the waterspouts for soldiers on leave, baseball, cricket. Survivors from torpedoed merchant ships almost the only reminders of raging war.

The coldest thing about Iceland right now is the name. Even this was invented by the first exclusive emigrants merely to discourage others. The first settlers called it "Fireland," because of the hot springs.

But don't tell this to Tommy. He remembers the monotony of endless nights—daytime 10 till 2—the screaming winds from the glaciers. . .

Seventy men of the King's Own Yorkshires on a training march faced the first blizzard. Lashed and half-blinded by wind and snow, they struggled on till darkness broke their ranks. Eight men died. . . .

Two Tynesiders—Capt. K. C. Johnstone and Bill Percival—were trapped in the mountains by the swirling mists. Building a windbreak of stones, they slept in its shelter. Tumbling for two days down the ravines, their bootlaces burst on their swollen feet. . . .

Romance, Too

An R.A.F. 'plane made a forced mountainside landing. The pilot trudged thirty miles across a lava plain for help and saved the lives of his crew.

No, it hasn't been easy.

Some of our soldiers have married Iceland girls. Some of the Americans, too, say they will settle there. Before the Democracies took over, Icelanders faced poverty and unemployment. Now they admit they have never been more prosperous in their lives.

New airfields, harbour facilities, even new restaurants and cinemas, are still being built to cope with the record traffic of land, air and sea.

"It's just a matter of waiting," says Charlie Bowsteel.

Waiting for what? The answer may lie in the Nazi warships disposed in Arctic and Norwegian waters.

Why are they there? To harass our convoys? Two can play that game. Or is Iceland still in the Nazi blueprints? Whatever happens, Iceland is ready.

And, whatever happens, Iceland will never again be in the backwaters of Humanity. From now on it is halfway house in the northern air route—New York-Reykjavik-London.

Forbidding mist-tipped rocks are apt to give a wrong impression. Life on this outpost isle can be very enjoyable, and the troops like it

SAY IT WITH BOOKS

A LOT of people seem diffident about turning out old books for salvage. They are afraid of parting with some "treasures" which may have an enhanced second-hand value.

The truth is that rare volumes are few and far between. One leading second-hand dealer who buys about 80,000 old books each month automatically discards 10,000 for salvage.

In his opinion, only about 25 out of every 1,000 old books handled are of any intrinsic value.

A common misconception is that an old atlas may be worth a lot of money. Only those printed before 1700 are of any value.

But don't be content with turning out old books. Every scrap of paper or cardboard you can spare is urgently needed.

Get into the habit of saving all you can.

And don't forget to be on the look-out for any example of waste by local authorities or members of the public.

We cannot answer letters, but they will be passed on to the appropriate officials for action.

Our thanks to the many readers who have already co-opted in this way.

PLAIN WORDS TO WIVES WHO SUSPECT

by HUMANIST

BY the same post came the following two letters, but the writers are more than 100 miles apart. The first is from a woman of forty.

"Tell me, Humanist," *she writes*, "is there any reliable cure for jealousy? For years it has made my life a torment, and now with women working in the factories I am getting worse and worse.

"My husband spends all his spare time with me and the family; his hobby centres round the home and garden; and yet if I hear any scandal from the factory I lie awake at night and torture myself until I wish I were dead.

"I love my husband so much that if another woman took him from me I should kill her or him.

The next comes from a married man:

"Can you suggest a cure for a wife who imagines things to such an extent that they become delusions of enormous magnitude? I do nothing whatever to give her any cause for suspicion or to justify the accusations she makes against me.

★ ★ ★

"If I am kept late at work, or if the train happens to be behind time, I am accused of staying late on purpose. The girls who are employed in my place of business are another source of quite unwarrantable jealousy. All the ideas she gets are entirely uncalled for. So far I have done my best to ignore these accusations, knowing myself to be absolutely innocent, but it is very hard to be continually suspected without the slightest reason.

"At times it makes me feel that I might as well go astray and give my wife some real grounds for complaint. One might as well be guilty as be abused for nothing. What do you think, Humanist?"

These two letters might be counterparts of the same story. In each case a wife torments herself without a tittle of evidence to justify her jealousy, and she poisons happiness for both. That sort of behaviour might easily drive a man wrong.

No medicine to "minister to a mind diseased" exists, and it is a waste of time trying to argue with a mania.

The jealous person acts as if he (or she) were possessed of an evil spirit. The fundamental idea in the mind is that of monopoly.

"Body and soul, this man is mine, and I must keep him on a leash night and day. I dare not allow him the slightest taste of freedom. I will watch his every movement, his every thought. He shall not get away."

CARE-FREE COURAGE

GIVE me, O Lord, some little while to mingle with a Fool, who laughs at wealth and gainly breaks each proud self-gaining rule, who counts the sky a Tent of Hope where shadows pass away, who prizes humour more than gold and makes Blessings his nose-gay.

GIVE me, O Lord, the chance to see that wise men can be wrong, when they harbour knowledge darkly and forgo Life's sun and song. 'Tis then the Fool whom they despise, a good companion seems, who sees a rainbow when Life's storms beat down upon Life's Dreams.

GIVE me, O Lord, some humble hour to seek the philosophy of a Fool who does not hoard his woes, but discards them merrily, for such is courage spangled with a happy care-free grace, for laughter down the vales of Life so many shadows chase.

GIVE me, O Lord, some prayer to say for a Fool in grievous pain, whose smile lights up his anguished face down which his tears rain. Whose lips still hold brave words of cheer which struggle to be said. But all the hearts a Fool has cheered are his epitaph when dead?

J. M.

She tortures herself with suspicion

How can there be any hope of happiness in living under such appalling conditions? Without mutual trust and toleration the marriage partnership becomes slavery and tyranny.

NEXT letter arrived some weeks ago, but I kept postponing it because it is so long. To quote it in full would fill four columns. The writer is a young woman who has made up her mind to remain a spinster for life. Two men are in love with her, and she can't accept one without inflicting pain on the other. The first appears to be a good-looking, lively fellow with plenty of friends, the type who is naturally attractive.

"I had never been out with a soldier before," *the girl says,* **"and it was because he was such a kind, decent and sincere fellow that I grew to love him. He came from a good home, where he was the only child, and his parents were the nicest people I have ever met."**

But this soldier is now in the Middle East. Before he sailed he introduced the girl to his friend John.

"I shall never forget how kind John was after N. had gone. He tried to cheer me up and prevent me from being miserable. But one night he told me he thought it would be better not to meet again. He was growing fond of me and I could not forget that I was his friend's girl.

"He had never had a girl friend before, but he had come to realise that I was the only girl for him and he would never forget me. I felt terribly sorry for him. John has no parents and very few friends. He has always had to fight his own way, whereas N. has always found life easy and has always been popular."

The letter gives the impression that the girl could marry N. because he is so jolly and light-hearted; but her feeling for John has a great deal of compassion mixed with it. He is so lonely, so sensitive, and he needs her more than N. does.

★ ★ ★

One cannot help sympathising, but I don't think the decision to remain a spinster will hold. When N. comes back home the three will have to thrash it out, but the girl must decide.

Meanwhile, people are saying unkind things about the girl who has been going about with her boy's friend; and about John, too, for taking advantage of N.'s absence. But they don't understand how these things happen, or that the pair have remained loyal to the absent man, though it hurts them both pretty badly.

It was the hearing of some of these criticisms that prompted the girl's letter.

IF YOU ARE QUOTED

Every week HUMANIST tackles a posting of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ ONE GUINEA will be paid for each FORCES LETTER published—and more if a good adventure story is used at greater length. All Forces letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Reader's views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FIFTH COLUMNISTS are circulating stories of fights between American troops and others of the United Nations in different parts of Britain.

Sometimes the United States boys are supposed to have fought Free French troops—sometimes British, sometimes Dutch or Belgian.

The one object of such stories is to cause such dissension as will hamper the war effort. Out of 110 such stories investigated, 110 proved to be untrue.

Truth comes in such a letter as Leading Aircraftman G. Robertson has sent to his relatives from an aerodrome where American troops are mixing with those of their Allies:

They are nice chaps when you learn to understand them. Their ways are not our ways.

They come here prepared to be "blitzed" every night, and are naturally glad to find the picture has been overpainted.

Actually, they are full of good spirits.

The lad who has Indian blood on his mother's side delights in letting off war whoops now and then, which we tolerate.

We've got Welsh and Irish among them—and at least one who doesn't mind admitting that his forebears are Teuton.

But who bothers. They believe in the complete extermination of Nazism. They are so convinced—because they say the big bankers of New York are laying 100 to 1 it will be all over by January.

Naturally, we haven't got that faith in New York's big bankers, but why worry? Perhaps we have misplaced confidence in other directions.

They're good fellows. We get on darn well with them. They're good to work with, and quite happy to do things the R.A.F. way while they're in England.

Jock, our station Scot, twits them a bit—but let anybody not in uniform do the twitting and Jock's fists will probably do a bit of flying.

PLENTY OF COMPANY

Now one of the last letters from Tobruk. It was written by Private T. Ball (5258576) to his family at Greenways, Pinner, Middlesex:

I should imagine that Tobruk was a nice place before all this started, but it has been knocked about a bit.

We got plenty of company at nights. The place is alive with rats and mice, but we cover our heads over and let them run all over the place.

When it does rain we get our blankets flooded. It may be desert, but for mud it is just like pictures of the last war.

GOOD CONCERTS

But here's something in more romantic vein from Bombardier C. Matthews to his wife at Swanshurst Lane, Moseley, Birmingham:

Still bound for India, we have some first-class concerts on the ship at nights, with one or two celebrities taking part.

One is Second-Lieutenant Ross Parker, who wrote "There'll Always Be An England" and "Alice Blue Gown." He's a soldier now, doing the same job as ourselves.

He played a medley of some of the songs he had written—dozens of them.

I leaned over the rail, thinking, wondering what you were all doing. You would be dozing by the fire. The kiddies would probably be on their holidays from school.

And there was I, with a temperature of anything up to 110 in the shade.

DAMN GOOD SHOW

With the "Auk" in the news, here is a little story of him in a letter from Private Sid Elliott to his folk in Hobart Road, Dagenham, Essex:

Our battalion had a boost up the other day when the Old Man Himself, Sir Claude Auchinleck, our Commander-in-Chief, came here to present our Captain Gardener with the Victoria Cross.

He spoke very well of the battalion, congratulated us on a "damn good show" in Tobruk, and mentioned that we were not to be surprised if we found ourselves in some more stiff fighting soon. (The letter was written just before Rommel's offensive began.)

He showed a great deal of confidence in us, and I must say he is altogether a man's man.

A SCARED JERRY

One more letter from the heart of the fighting in the Middle East. Writer: Lance-Corporal Tickle, 4745965. Recipient: his brother at Alfred Road, Askern, near Doncaster:

When we were going for one "Jerry" he threw his tommy-gun away and started to cry. He pulled a photograph of his mother out of his pocket and said he didn't want to fight.

They're no good in hand-to-hand fighting. They are all right if they've got a bulwark of tanks in front of them, but if they haven't—you can take it from me, Bill—the quality of the ordinary British Tommy is something superior to Jerry. He'll make rings round the German at any time, on equal terms.

READER'S VIEWS

WITHIN 100 yards of Oxford Circus I have just paid 2s. for a tomato plant. Seeds are fifty for 3d. Is this profiteering?—F. D., Queen's Drive, Ealing, W.

★ ★ ★

What's the good of telling us to "Dig for Victory" when I have to pay 11s. a dozen for tomato plants and know that the slogan should really read: "Buy for other people's profits."—M. Chamberlain, 101, Dale Lane, Blidworth, Blidworth, near Mansfield, Notts.

(These are typical of scores of letters we have received from readers who complain of flagrant profiteering in plants, most often not by established salesmen, but by interlopers in the trade.)

★ ★ ★

Spring onions unprocurable in London—so a grower meets the London-bound 'bus at Ware, Herts, and sells me 30 lb. at 1d. a lb. and says: "I'd rather sell them to you than to local greengrocers, who pay me less."—M. F., Puckeridge, Herts.

★ ★ ★

Missing a 1s. 6d. 'bus, I found I could hire a car for one guinea. Petrol isn't vital if you have the money.—V. W., Doagh, Belfast, N. Ireland.

★ ★ ★

You mustn't keep one hen too many, yet if you breed dogs you can give the country 10,000 extra puppies a year—all of which grow up and have to be fed.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

● "We have not the labour nor the material to build more factories," declared the Minister of Production. "We cannot ask the civilians to cut down their standards any more."

Neither statement is, in my view, true.

Thousands of Civil Service buck-passers of military age could be conscripted for service on war work.

Many thousands more firemen and A.R.P. workers could be used for spare-time work.

Fake "farmers" are pretending to grow crops. Bogus "managers" dodge service in factories.

As for our "standards," more rigid economies will have to be imposed. Imposing them now might shorten the war by months.

No, we are not yet "all out."

WHY SUCH MUDDLE?

● Every fresh war measure brings forth a wad of printed explanations.

The new rationing arrangements for domestic poultry-keepers have resulted in a special four-page leaflet of questions and answers on the subject. Yet the scheme is simple enough and could be explained in five minutes over the radio.

The frank truth is that a few sub-editors, if imported into Whitehall in place of officials imbued with Civil Service phraseology, could make clear in ten minutes what is now obtuse after hours of long-winded phrasing.

You would think the guys who now do it were the ones who used to draw up Parliamentary Bills!

WHEN IS AN H.G. AN H.G.?

● Some months back the Army Council decided that members of Civil Defence could be enrolled in Home Guard as "Category II men" and receive weapon training. The scheme has been going on and numerous wardens have had training and are still having it.

Now, apparently, the military chiefs and the Civil Defence authorities can't decide which should be responsible for issuing battle-dress and equipment.

And so the poor wardens get neither. What does it matter *who* issues it?

There is, in Whitehall, too much petty officialdom and too little get-to-work!

HOW DOUGHBOYS COMPARE

● American soldiers now in England, a New York war correspondent told me, have not such a good equipment as ours—"but they have more of it."

Their rifles, though, he thought, are better than those served out to the British.

But, so far—and very naturally—they are not so well trained. That will soon be remedied, for they are now being submitted to war exercises for which they had no time before they sailed.

"Our doughboys boast of their toughness," added my friend. "They are all out to win. They know this is not a game."

Here's a food that's

STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE

THE 5-STAR COCOA

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

LAST LAUGH

C. U. (Newmarket).—"One of these days I shall train a Derby winner." To do what?

LAND GIRL (Wellingborough).—"How would you like to be taken out of your bed early in the morning to do farm work?" Very gradually.

H. W. (Wellington).—"Do you agree that your other contributors can't hold a candle to my work?" Not close enough, at any rate.

A. M. (Leominster).—"I am always getting on to my wife to take a month's holiday and I cannot understand why she is so unwilling to go." See letter below.

MRS. M. (Leominster).—"When I returned from my holiday last year I found several hairpins in my kitchen, but they were not my own." See letter above.

R. N. (Clacton).—"It is my ambition to own a dear little shop typical of days gone by, with a dim interior and a tinkling bell at the door to announce each customer." But nowadays it would not be complete without a counter to keep some of the goods under.

D. L. (Huddersfield).—"If Germany conquered the world what would be the financial position?" Well, for one thing, Goering and Goebbels would be able to keep their banking accounts in Germany.

PHYLLIS (Brixton).—"I had my first crooning engagement the other night and created a sensation with my low, husky notes." You should nurse that cold in case it gets better.

E. R. (Rochester).—"What kind of work will our war correspondents do when peace is declared?" They will probably take a well-deserved rest before Test Matches break out again.

F. P. (Atherstone).—"Mussolini once wrote a play which was produced but has never been broadcast." It is thought he is keeping this threat in reserve in case the population shows definite signs of getting out of hand.

G. O. (Portishead). — "It is claimed that astrology can be very useful in gardening." We know a man who trod on a rake and the stars immediately revealed to him that it would be wiser not to tread on it again.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"We'll soon 'ave Hitler in the bag, mate. Then Japan, and after that there's only a bunch of revolutions to referee, and the army of occupation to do. We'll be back 'ome by 1946, easy!"

Side-Slips

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—". . . until we have stabilised the FAN power of the industry."

EVENING STANDARD:—". . . will conduct a service celebrating the STEALING of Magna Carta 727 years ago."

NEWS CHRONICLE: — "BEARING his head for the first time, the Archbishop addressed the clergy from the throne."

EVENING STAR (Ipswich):—"They work round the clock in 8-hour SHIRTS."

GREATEST OF THESE

● During the last war Thomas Crump, of Walsall, saw three years' active service.

Since then, he and his wife have suffered many reverses. Their son of twenty-two is quite unable to work due to heart disease. Their other two sons aged twelve and eight years have both died. These terrible troubles have caused Mr. Crump a severe breakdown in health, and for the past five years he has been compelled to have constant medical attention. Now at the age of fifty-two he faces the prospect of never being able to work again owing to severe epileptic fits.

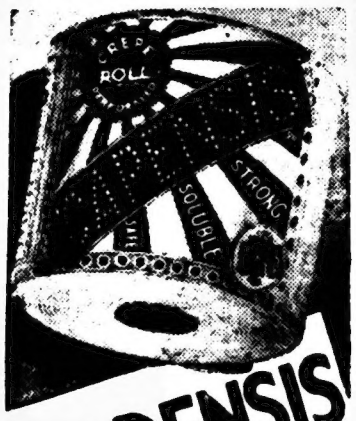
His doctor advises a change of air, but nearly all the convalescent homes have been taken over by the military authorities, and therefore to get the required rest and change he will have to pay for his board and lodging, and his wife should be with him to look after him.

This is, of course, impossible on an income of 27s. a week, and we therefore ask our readers to send donations to help this unfortunate man to gain a little strength. Letters should be earmarked "Royal Engineers" and posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Where names and addresses are given they will be acknowledged. We are very grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL, so whatever you send goes to ease distress without deduction.

A copy of the current week's subscription list will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*



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We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

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PROTECT YOUR CHILD

Have your child Immunised FREE — *the sooner after the first birthday the better.*

Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

D-4

Result of "BULLETS" 1,331

FIRST PRIZE £50

Gunner B. H. Bruce, R.A., Somewhere-in-Britain, for this "Bullet": WE DEMAND "RESULTS"—OR "TEAM CHANGES."

£20: W. L. Jones, 4, Kitchener Ave., Gloucester.
Youth—"Moulded" Correctly, "Reshaping" World.

£10: L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester.
Appeals To Holiday-makers—Government—Then Runs Trains!

£5: J. Killow, Lovaghery, Portadown, Co. Armagh.
Going To Be Won—Without "Going"? Come, Come!

£4: Mrs. E. Smith, 14, Hall Grove, Cheadle, Cheshire.
Youth—Will Yet "Reorult" Britain.

£3: Mrs. E. Katheram, 14, Beakes Rd., Bearwood, Smethwick.
Appeals To Whitehall—All Failed—All Filed!

£2: Mrs. E. A. Newberry, "Beauchief," Grove Rd., Ramsgate.
A Thousand Bombers—Ten Thousand Volunteers For!

30s.: N. Spong, 28, Hare Hill, Weybridge, Surrey.
At Home—Are "Big Guns" Anti-tank?

30s.: A. Tebedis, 2, Mayhank St., Glasgow.
Turn Of The Tide—Left Auntie Astride Submarine!

24s.: N. J. Pitblock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Turn Of The Tide—Awaited In Whitehall's "Hill-pond."

23s.: T. H. Hill, 34, Forty Acres Rd., Canterbury, Kent.
End Of Our Picnic—Lightning Straightened Dad's Corkscrew!

20s.: C. Leyenek, "Oakdene," George St., Dewsbury Rd., Ossett, Yorks.
Appeals To Her—Sense Of Humour, Logic!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 283

WINNING WORDS: 1. Colin. 2. Cough. 3. Coke. 4. Ash. 5. Canoe. 6. Bust. 7. Begged. 8. Gag. 9. Bangle. 10. Cue or Cot. 11. Lorry. 12. Hit. 13. Tusk. 14. Jaunt.

WINNER OF £100:—J. WRIGHT, 6, Kinnersley Street, Walsall, Staffs.

Awards value £25 shared between following 9 Runners-up: T. H. Hodge, Bradford; F. N. Pearson, Weston-super-Mare; W. H. Penny, Ulverston; A. T. Rollings, Sutton Coldfield; O. N. Rose, Birmingham; Mrs. M. Clark, Uxstone, Sheffield; A. Stafford, Alvaston, Derby; Mrs. G. Whitby, Elton, Chester; Miss Wright, Whitley Bay.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

This Week's

FOOD M.F. FACTS

SHIP-SAVERS

Ships and more ships are wanted for war materials. *Less cargo space can be spared for food.* That's why we must all think of food in terms of ship-savers. Dried eggs and cheese are splendid ship-savers. They take up far less room than shell eggs or meat, and they are first-class food. Other ship-savers are home-grown foods such as vegetables and oatmeal. Give your family cheese often for their main meal. Bottle or preserve home-grown fruit and vegetables. Don't waste a scrap of food. *Pin this up on the larder door* and let it remind you that thoughtful shopping saves shipping.

To-day's Scraps To-morrow's Savouries

You must make the best use of every ounce of food you have. Even odds and ends left over from your meals mustn't be thrown away. Here are some suggestions for using-up:

1 Chop up odd scraps of cold meat and bake in a batter.

2 Left-over beans make splendid fillings for pastry turnovers.

3 Use up cooked fish in a salad or as a sandwich filling.

Pea Pod Soup

Wash the pods thoroughly and place in a deep saucepan. Add 2 sprigs of mint, 1 large potato, and chives, onion or spring onion (if available), a good pinch of salt and pepper, and cover with boiling water. Cook with the lid on until tender. Rub the vegetables and the pods through a sieve, then return to the saucepan. Blend a little flour (1 oz. to each pint) with cold water, add some of the hot soup to it. Return all to the saucepan and stir until boiling and the soup is creamy. Serve very hot.

(*Make it on Saturday, serve on Sunday.*)

SUMMER PUDDING

Ingredients: 8 oz. bread, 1 lb. rhubarb, 2 oz. prunes (soaked overnight), 2 oz. sugar, ¼ pint water. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Stew rhubarb and prunes in the ¼ pint of water in which the prunes soaked. Grease a cake tin or pudding basin and line the bottom and sides with fingers of bread, keep odd pieces for putting on top. Strain the juice from the fruit pulp. Soak the bread in the basin thoroughly with the juice. Fill the basin with alternate layers of fruit, sugar, and the scraps of bread, packing it very tightly and finishing with a layer of bread. Pour over any remaining juice. Place a saucer and weight on top and leave overnight. Turn out and serve with custard.

REGISTER AT ONCE—if you haven't already. *New* Ration Books come into use on July 27—but keep the old one until the end of August.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 105

Zam-Buk Gives You CARE-FREE HOLIDAY FEET

Very soon now the summer holidays will be here. This time let it be a care-free holiday for your feet. Start now with the help of Zam-Buk to get those feet in better trim than ever before.

After bathing and drying your feet, rub in Zam-Buk Ointment a couple of minutes nightly. As the soothing medicinal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed, they quickly allay pain, swelling and inflammation. Corns are softened and easily removed by Zam-Buk, blisters and soreness are healed, and tired, scaling feet made easy again.

Zam-Buk

GET A BOX TO-DAY

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including PurchaseTax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

BEST cooks say BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

—The Best in the World

A close shave!

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

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The BLADES LAST LONGER

also STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, bufners, shelves, grids, etc., without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical. NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Quickly

6d Per Tin.

STILL PRE-WAR PRICE

BUY SCO AT WOOLWORTHS

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for X-WORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For results of Xwords No. 293, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 CURLY VARIETY IS MET WITH SOMETIMES	AIL			
2 COMMONLY WIPES OUT BLACK MARK	RBBER			
3 CHEAP, FASHIONABLE-LOOKING FUR IS OFTEN	COY			
4 YOU MAY WELL BE SURPRISED IF BUFFET DOESN'T PONDER COUPLE OF	UGS			
5 IT'S GOOD OUR GENERALS IN THE FIELD SHOULD BE	WRY			
6 TO BE THIS BY MAN TO WHOM YOU'VE LENT MONEY IS EXASPERATING	DOGED			
7 CAPABLE TEACHER MAY BE ABLE TO INTEREST YOUNG CLASS IN	ABLE			
8 AS WEATHER GETS REALLY HOT, MORE SOLDIERS FEEL LIKE THIS	CAPING			
9 RUNS DOWN TO THE SEA	ILL			
10 HANGS ABOUT A LONG TIME	FG			
11 BEAR MAKES RAIDS FOR SAKE OF THIS	ONEY			
12 ONE'S ECLIPSE IS NOT REALLY HARD TO UNDERSTAND	OON			
13 WEIGHT IS GIVEN TO AN ARTICLE BY	MAS			
14 MAY WELL HELP WORKMAN TO COMPLETE JOB SOONER	NACK			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 15.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... TUESDAY, AUG. 4.

Signed .....

Address.....

287

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS **1ST PRIZE £50 CASH**

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

WINSTON'S JOB
UPHILL FIGHT
SPEED IS VITAL, SO
TO OIL THE WHEELS
ONCE MORE
MAN WHO ESCAPED
WHERE TO START
ALMOST FOOLPROOF
DANGEROUSLY NEAR
FAILURES
MELODY OF LOVE
WELL-KEPT SECRET
SOFT SOAP

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Aug. 14. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,331st Contest on page 14.

WE'D LIKE TO SEE
EXPLAINS EVERYTHING
REMEMBER THE LAST WAR AND
NOW HUBBY'S A COMMANDO
UPSET THE GENERAL
MAKES FATHER TIRED
WHAT THE TROUBLE IS

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WASTE OF.....
SWARMING WITH .....
CHANCE FOR .....
MORE THAN.....
RIGHT TO.....
HE HAD NO ....., BUT

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated August 18.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,335 Tuesday, Aug. 4.

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,335—or Xword No. 287, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

A War-time Slogan

USE LESS BOOT POLISH

By Government Order

all manufacture is reduced by half

You must reduce consumption by half

SO—apply

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH every OTHER day brushing up between times

C8/42

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily

Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
Harpic's thorough action removes stains, disinfects and deodorizes
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, like part you don't see, as well

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Working equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

Courage . . .

Courier, Captain of the Guard, Admiral, pioneer of pioneers, brilliant writer, incisive speaker, accomplished man of the world—history provides us with no better pattern of the British spirit than Raleigh.

Even of his patrons in the tourney, we are told "his force of personal valour would alone in modern times have earned most coveted distinctions."

Not, by modern laws the makers of Raleigh Cycles shaped their every curve that of their namesake.

With what result the world already knows.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD. LENTON, NOTTINGHAM

D.C.M's. must be won . . .

Collecting salvage, digging and saving for Victory, are efforts by the youngsters that deserve every encouragement. And since there simply can't be enough Mars Bars to go round, you will want to put those you *do* get to good use. So let the kiddies know that, from now on, Mars are strictly reserved for work warranting the award of a . . .

End that PAIN in your BACK

Trouble comes when sluggish kidneys fail to filter your blood free from impurities

MANY A NAGGING, painful backache is due to harmful wastes and impurities which the kidneys have failed to filter from the blood. So is scanty or too frequent urine. You may feel generally run down, head dizzy and aching, joints and limbs stiff, painful or swollen.

Don't allow painful kidney ailments to impede your war-work. Take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen, invigorate and flush out the kidneys. Pain will vanish when these organs are effectively purifying the blood.

Thousands of grateful people thank Doan's Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, urinary and bladder troubles, gravel, disturbed nights, stiff, aching joints.

(3/6, 2/6, (Incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S

Know any 'wet' smokers?

If so, would you mind tactfully drawing their attention to the Old Hand's hint alongside? You see, wet smokers waste so much tobacco in the "dottle" they knock out of each pipeful. And that is rather unfair on all the other fellows who want Four Square, because supplies of top grade leaf are so restricted by the war.

If you are following all the Four Square advertisements, you will easily see, by comparing it with a small piece of cigarette paper (a cigarette paper for thick, hot smokers), how a layer half and pressing it in the bottom of the pipe before filling.

FOUR SQUARE

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4.B.L. 225 ★ 225